

"Lincoln's Silent Son" by Aaron Hardy Ulm

# 10<sup>c</sup> Leslie's Weekly 10<sup>c</sup>

FEBRUARY 11, 1922

"News That Makes Us Think"

PRICE 10 CENTS



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Jill Frost

Painted by Guy Hott

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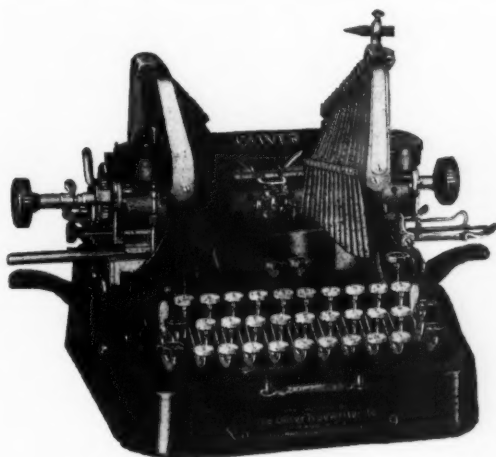
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The coupon brings the Oliver for Five Days' Free Trial. When the Oliver comes, use it as if it were your own. Compare it. Then if you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, and want to buy it, send us \$49.50 cash. Or if you wish to pay in installments, the price is \$55, payable \$3 after trial, then \$4 per month.

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Through the trial you are your own judge—no salesman need urge you. You can imagine that it takes the finest kind of a typewriter to face a trial like this.

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1042 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,  
1042 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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**SAVE \$50.50 THIS EASY WAY**

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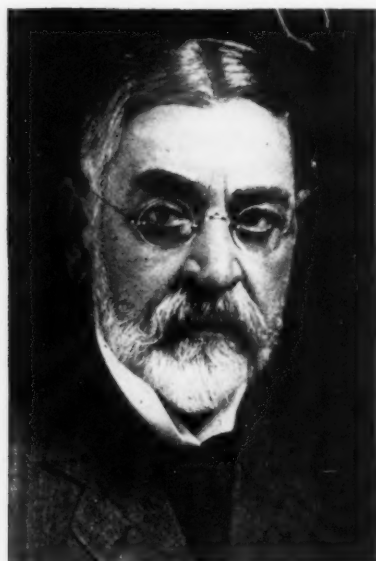
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## Lincoln's Silent Son



The Story of the Great  
Emancipator's Only  
Living Child

By  
Aaron Hardy Ulm

Robert Todd Lincoln,  
as he is to-day.  
Mr. Lincoln lives in  
Washington.

Mr. Lincoln as he  
appeared when he  
was Secretary of  
War, in 1880.

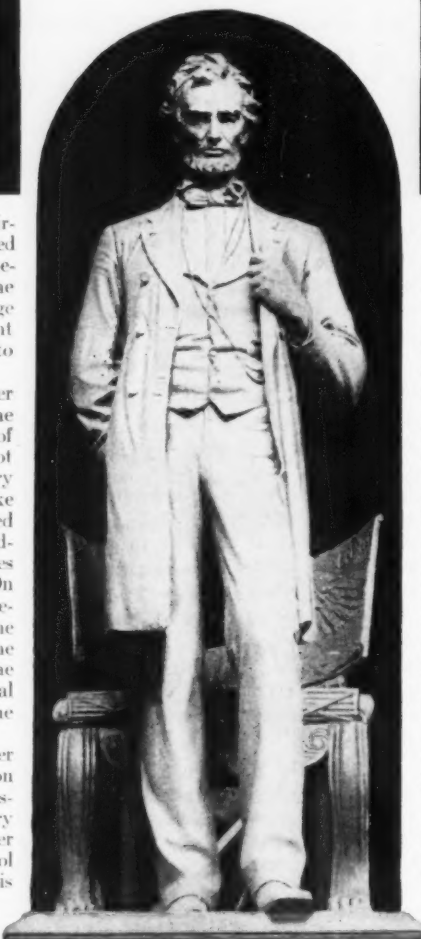


ONCE there was a mid-western "circuit-riding" lawyer who resolved to provide for his eldest son something that circumstances had denied the father. It was a good school and college education. At sixteen the boy was sent to a school in the East for preparation to enter Harvard. That was in 1859.

Early in the following year the father greatly desired to visit the boy. But he hesitated on account of the expense of the trip, for the father's means were not large. Then there came to the country lawyer an offer of a fee of \$200 to make one speech in a lyceum course conducted by a Brooklyn, N. Y., church. He readily accepted, for it meant full expenses for the visit to the son at school. On second thought the lyceum managers decided that the country lawyer out of the West wouldn't draw sufficiently in the blase city of the East to make the venture a safe one for them. A political club in New York City took over the contract.

The speech was staged at Cooper Union. It attracted national attention and proved to be a great political and historical event. It caused the country lawyer to be asked to speak at other places on the way to and from the school in New Hampshire where he visited his son. And thus crystallized a movement which carried the country lawyer to the White House to serve as President during the most critical era in the country's history.

The lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.



EWING GALLOWAY  
The St. Gaudens conception of the physical  
appearance of Abraham Lincoln, is, according to  
many critics, the best ever produced.

The son, Robert Todd Lincoln, still lives. Some say he is the last survivor in the male line of the family from which Abraham Lincoln sprung. He and his two daughters and three granddaughters are the only living descendants of the Great Emancipator. Of all the cases of son and great father this is probably the most singular.

In Washington where he now lives, Robert Todd Lincoln, now approaching his eightieth year, is seen frequently driving through the parks or poring over old manuscripts and rare books in the Library of Congress. But he is rarely recognized. It is doubtful if more than a hundred residents of Washington know him by sight. His name rarely appears in the newspapers, never in connection with public or social activities. The old Georgetown mansion, where he and his family make their home, is one of the most picturesque in the national capitol; it was built in the eighteenth century by a wealthy Scotch shipmaster. The Lincolns live in dignified elegance. But a society editress of long experience in Washington was unable to supply the names of the daughters and granddaughters. Another did not even recall that the Lincolns now make Washington their home.

When tentative plans were being outlined some time ago for the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial, the supreme national tribute to Abraham Lincoln, it was suggested that special provision be made for the attendance of

Robert Todd Lincoln and his family.

"Accept my appreciation for the thought," he stated when the suggestion was conveyed to him, "but under no circumstances must you carry it out. We of course shall attend, but only on a par with the general public. We prefer that no notice whatever be taken of us."

Thus it would seem that Robert Todd Lincoln will maintain to the end the modesty of attitude toward his father's fame that has characterized his long life. There isn't of record a single utterance ever penned or spoken publicly by him on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He has never been "interviewed" on the subject—or many other subjects. For long he has been regarded as among the most inaccessible of prominent men; for aside from his name Robert Todd Lincoln has played a conspicuous part in the nation's life.

He was born in Springfield, Ill., in 1843, and graduated from Harvard in 1864. He left the Harvard Law School to enter the army, regarding which step there survives one of the most characteristic of his father's letters. It was written to General Grant in January, 1865, and is as follows:

"Please read and answer this letter just as though I was not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission, to which those who have served long are better entitled and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If not, say so without hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself."

Grant promptly made the boy a member of his staff with the rank of captain. He accompanied the general to Washington on that memorable April 14th, following, and thus was present at his father's death the next morning. He is only one of two living persons who witnessed that sad event; it is said that he has never again put foot in the old dwelling across from Ford's Theater where it occurred. Incidentally, he was present also at the death of President Garfield.

The young man was showered with opportunities for capitalizing his name. He spurned all of them. He settled in Chicago, buried himself in the study of



A rare photograph of the Lincoln family. It was taken by Brady, the famous Civil War photographer. The young man in the captain's uniform is Robert Todd Lincoln. The little boy is "Tad," the President's favorite son.



The Lincoln home in Springfield as it looks to-day.

the law, and began to practice in 1867, turning down all temptations to enter politics.

"He was peculiarly sensitive in the matter of gaining reputation on account of the name he bore," a friend wrote of him many years ago, "and a sensitiveness planted in a nature which in its youth was curiously remarkable for stubbornness and a phlegmatic temperament

made him perhaps more marked than would otherwise have been true."

In fact, "Bob" Lincoln "took after" his mother's more than his father's family. But those who know him well say that in his make-up there is a good deal of his father's personality. There is a strong suggestion of "Honest Abe" in a now almost forgotten incident of his life. While getting his feet planted in the profession of law, he lived in South Chicago. A political clique gained control of the municipality and was wrecking its finances. An appeal was made to Lincoln to run for supervisor on a reform ticket and break the ring. He ran, was elected and gave a year to the obscure job of straightening out the affairs of a suburban town government.

In his early days he took occasional but always quiet part in national politics. His first and among his few political speeches was for Blaine in 1876. He supported the third-term movement for Grant in 1880, and Garfield, who was elected, offered him the post of Secretary of War. He took it and was the only one of Garfield's

Cabinet members who was retained by Arthur.

In 1884 a movement was started to make Robert Todd Lincoln the Republican candidate for President.

He blocked it on the plea that his loyalty belonged to President Arthur, who wanted the nomination.

Later, over his protest, he was appointed Minister to Great Britain by President Harrison. That was his last public service in office.

Following it he became special counsel for the Pullman Company, and later succeeded George M. Pullman as president. He is now very wealthy.

"Mr. Lincoln is devoted to the practice of law and has no desire to leave it for any position, however honorable," a friend said of him at the time of his appointment as Minister to the Court of St. James. His law practice was confined largely to the big corporation kind; he has been active in the management of many corporations in addition to the Pullman Company. For a while in Chicago he was the directing power in the gas company, at a time when there was much agitation regarding the company's policies. In that connection there still survives a story which shows that he possesses a real Lincolnian sense of humor. The newspapers were trying to get a statement from him, but he would see no reporter. There was a Chicago newspaperman, "Joe" McHugh, who special-

(Continued on page 208)



"What element was it that skied the market from 1918 onward? The inexperienced and inept shoppers. They bought blindly, rabidly, in a sort of panic lest somebody else get what they wanted before them. They

were without training, knowledge or habitude in purchasing. Spare money was new to them; valueless, meaningless. So the war-profiteer's wife bought 'Russian genet' (felis domesticus Thomas) at the price of sealskin."

## Buck Up, Business!

VI. At Last, for Those Who Have the Sense to Seize It, the Purchaser's Day Has Come

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

"EASY come, easy go" has been the immemorial motto of the American shopping public. All our Yankee shrewdness used to get left out on the sidewalk whenever we entered a store. Beginning with 1920 there came a change; the first half of the maxim became painfully less true than the second. Six months later the "easy go" feature began to fade and fail. High prices, ground-and-lofty profiteering fostered by the long complaisant attitude of the public, and the dubious quality of much merchandise discouraged even the most willing purchasers. The shopper ceased to be "easy" in any sense; he—and more importantly she—grew by turns exasperated, sulky and darkly suspicious of everything that stood behind a counter. The old slogan no longer had any meaning in the face of the buyers' strike. Now that prices are, for the most part, down, merchandise again reliable, and values good, a new motto is needed.

Hoover, with his characteristic knack of

getting at the core of a situation, has supplied it. "Shop around" is the Secretary of Commerce's remedy for the present condition, a remedy which will benefit first the public, and as a result, the merchant, as the public regains its lost confidence in the retail trade.

"Competition is the life of trade," proverbially. It is because of the lack of the competitive element in shopping that trade fell upon such evil days. In Secretary Hoover's belief, to restore general confidence in values, it is necessary for the great mass of people to use their eyes and brains in examining the market for themselves and determining where they can most profitably spend their dollars—instead of not spending them at all. His analysis of the situation, as he recently outlined it for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, is this:

"The manufacturer is an expert. In seeking his raw material he familiarizes himself with the market and buys to the best advantage. Similarly the whole-

saler and the jobber know the market thoroughly; they do not buy hit-or-miss, but where they can find the lowest prices. The same applies to the retailer; he is constantly alert for the best bargains and values. Up to this point the principle of competition works efficiently. It stops short at the consumer. He does not attempt to familiarize himself with the market. He makes no test of the purchasing power of his dollar. Wanting a pipe, a watch, or an overcoat he buys it at the handiest place or at the store where he has always traded without taking the trouble to ascertain whether he might not do better elsewhere. Not only is this bad business for him, but it is poor encouragement for the expert retailer who sells on the smallest margin and gives the best values. Thus the whole competitive process lacks the impulse which would be given to it by education of the consumer. The training of the consumer to the point where he can protect his interests as manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer



protect theirs, is the present need of business, and this education can be gained only by inducing him to shop around. When he has learned his end of trade as the others know theirs trade will be revitalized, because he will buy freely where he finds values."

If people had "shopped around" in the days immediately following the war, we should never have had the spendthrift insanity of that period. "Nor the good business" is the corollary to this which I have heard from shallow-thinking commentators. They are wrong. Business would have been better because sounder. Prices would not have reached their absurd altitudes, it is true, but who really benefited in the long run by these prices? A few wild-cat profiteers and hit-or-miss speculators. Not standard business in general, certainly. At a conference of the commercial leaders of an Eastern city last year, a department-store head made this statement:

"I do not know a merchant of good standing and of importance in the trade who can say to-day that he is any the better off for the price madness of the past years, to which we all contributed. Most of us are worse off. We have made little or nothing in money, and we have lost public confidence."

Not a man rose to controvert the statement.

**H**AD the public bought carefully, after due investigation of retail conditions, for value instead of practically "unsight-unseen" as boys used to swap knives, prices must still have gone up because of world-wide conditions; but so much more

gradually that there would have been a constant stabilization, and when the turn came it would have been with no such disastrous slump, such general enervation of trade as did occur, leaving the market flaccid and devitalized.

**W**HAT element was it that skied the market from 1918 onward? The inexperienced and inexpert shoppers. They bought blindly, rabidly, in a sort of panic lest somebody else get what they wanted before them. They were without training, knowledge or habitude in purchasing. Spare money was new to them; values, meaningless. So the war-profiteer's wife bought "Russian genet" (*felix domesticus Thomas*) at the price of sealskin, and the plumbers' apprentice or the shipyard laborer, his pocketbook bulging with "such stuff as dreams are made on," said: "I'll take that one," indicating the diamond-studded cigarette case—and all the rest of us paid for it because enough easy dollars in the market corrupt all the rest and set them spinning down the primrose path of Waste. In those days a jeweler acquaintance told me of selling a \$150 watch to a Polish woman who could hardly talk enough English to let him know that she wanted something "worth a lot of money" (it was about the poorest bargain in his shop), and subsequently seeing her at a meat market chaffering with passionate intensity and trained shrewdness over the cost of a couple of chops. In the matter of food, she had "shopped around" and she knew. But any jeweler could have sold her German silver for platinum.

"No brains, lots of money" is the

formula by which the trade described the shopper of 1918-1919-1920. "Less money, more brains" would be fairly applicable to the purchaser of the present season. She may not yet know exactly what she wants, but she has a pretty solidly settled notion of what she is going to pay for it after she has found it. That familiar demand of the splurging years, "Haven't you got something more expensive?" isn't heard nowadays as often as a rabbit barks at a bulldog. Fashions have changed.

**I**N Philadelphia the shop people told me:

"It takes three salespeople to sell what two used to, and they spend more time and effort per man doing it."

In Boston the word was: "The women are thinking in halves and quarters of a dollar this season. Two years ago anything under a dollar was carfare."

New York said: "There's still some free-and-easy buying done by the outsiders who come to a hotel for a week to blow themselves. But the regular customers, when it comes to high-priced goods, are buying on a 10 or 20 or maybe 30 per cent. basis compared to what they used to. That is, if they're buying at all."

In Chicago they complained: "They come in, wander around, lift up a price tag, give it a hard look, and buy something cheaper."

The Cleveland store-viewpoint is: "Women used to come in to buy what they wanted. Now they come in to spend what they want. There's a big difference. They've got a certain sum fixed that they mean to spend, and you've got to hypnotize them to get them a dollar above it."

Does this sound like a dismal outlook for the retail trade? It is nothing of the sort. It is, on the contrary, a sure sign of convalescence. Business has been sick; very sick indeed. It has been suffering from—well, let's say a species of anaemia caused by insufficient circulation. The shopper represents the blood and her money the red corpuscles. She has not been circulating as she should. Now she has begun again. She is prospecting around with an eye that is still wary, but is nevertheless interested. The red corpuscles of her money are unquestionably below normal, but they will increase in number and vigor as the circulation whips up. If the retailers of the country are wise enough to tempt the appetite of the convalescent with savory tidbits in the form of real values and not try to overfeed at once, the return to full health is only a matter of time. But to attempt to force high prices again as soon as a little improvement shows, would be like giving a typhoid patient a whole loin of pork for his first meal.

The day of the consumer is definitely here. From long experience in investigating and purchasing I have become a not-easily-persuadable, or, in modern parlance, a "hard-boiled" buyer. Yet, there is hardly a line into which I have recently probed that has not strongly tempted me to buy for my personal uses, and where I have bought, I have got the best bargains that I have seen since 1916. Be sure, however, that I did not do this by grabbing at the first thing thrust under my nose. For the purposes of this series I have of necessity been "shopping

around," and have taken advantage of what I thus found. Anyone can do it with a little care and patience and resolution *not* to buy except for value. One soon comes to derive a grim satisfaction in looking a profiteering store's salesman in the eye and saying:

"No; I don't think that is worth the money and I won't take it." (If, by the way, 10 per cent.—no, 5 per cent., possibly even 1 per cent., would be enough—of all shoppers would adopt that formula, unfair prices would speedily vanish from the market.)

While I am having no difficulty in finding excellent values, a friend of mine who is at the head of a large and successfully conducted enterprise complains that everything that he buys for himself is still at top prices, but that it probably can't be helped and he doesn't suppose he gets stuck worse or oftener than anyone else, and anyway he hasn't time to "fuss about it." He is the typical non-competitive purchaser of whom Secretary Hoover speaks. So I made for him a rough value analysis of his personal and office equipment, gave him the figures and invited him to compare them with the prices paid. They averaged an over-expenditure of more than 30 per cent. He was aghast.

"If I ran my business on that basis," he said, "they'd have me in jail in a year—and serve me right!"

Buying for oneself ought to be considered part of a man's business and still more, of a woman's. Instead, it has always been regarded rather in the light of an indoor sport. Yet to get away from the purely amateur and into the more professional attitude toward private purchasing is no great trick. As a basis there are two readily available sources of basic information, advertising and the catalogues of the great mail-order houses. I am well aware that in making the latter suggestion I am treading in the vicinage of sensitive toes, for when as a contribution to the Thrift Campaign of several years back, I advised consultation of these pamphlets, voices rose from the retail trade accusing me of everything from Bolshevism to taking bribes from the mail-order houses. In fairness to retail merchants, in comparing mail-order with local prices, it must always be remembered that your store affords you the great advantage of examining the goods before purchase; also that you have no delivery charges to pay and that you are getting the article *now* instead of several days hence; in view of which a small increase in price becomes of no importance. But where the discrepancy

runs high—say 25 per cent. or more—then sniff the air for an odor of profiteering!

For example, I had occasion during the holidays to buy a serviceable traveling bag. Leather goods constitute a difficult, variable, and tricky market, one in which I am not expert enough to buy with confidence. Therefore, I marked down my item from the mail-order catalogue and set out to duplicate it in three cities. At my first shop, a very "smart" New York establishment with an inter-



"People are suspicious of prices. They still feel insecure against profiteering; they don't know but that the price you set to-day may not be cut in two to-morrow."

national name, the price asked was three times the mail-order figure. To be sure, the bag was a little better lined and finished than the catalogue exhibit, but this is a minor element by no means justifying the great discrepancy in the charge. At a high-class Philadelphia store the bag would have cost me a little more than double the mail-order rate; and a Washington department store was only 20 per cent. cheaper than the Philadelphia place. Yet, before I was through with my inter-city search, I had found four places where the excess over the catalogue price was only 15 per cent., and one where it was only 10 per cent.

It is always worth while to examine the advertisements, though not necessarily in a spirit of blind faith, as there are special sales in selected lines almost daily, and while many stores strive to meet the cuts of their competitors, this is not always feasible. It would be easy to fill this whole issue with rules of guidance about ads. But one contract must suffice for a general indication:

#### EXHIBIT A

(Advertisement of a San Francisco Jeweler.)

This is not a sale to raise money, for we don't particularly need it. It is not a removal sale, nor a lease-expiring sale, nor a fire sale, nor a stock-reducing sale. Prices are not cut and slashed for most of our stock is not included. It is just frankly a sale of slow-selling jewelry that

we prefer to convert into money. Buyers aren't clairvoyant, and ours have done pretty well, considering this is all we have to sacrifice after a year in which several hundred thousand dollars worth of jewelry was sold. Any store is bound to choose the wrong things sometimes. So if there's anything in the list you want, come and get it, knowing that you are buying it mighty cheap.

#### EXHIBIT B

(Blurb of a supposedly reputable Eastern city specialty shop.)

An Old-Time Sale at Old-Time Prices  
To-morrow at ———'s you can buy a \$50 Dress for \$15; a \$60 Suit for \$25; or a \$95 Coat for \$35.

A exhales honesty and fair dealing; B is in the best style of the advertising Ananias. Many advertisements fall so naturally into the one class or the other that it takes but little acumen to distinguish them. From those which suggest the twilight zone of half-way between, the wise shopper will shy off.

Control of retail advertising is unfortunately impracticable. I say "unfortunately" because if merchants could by common consent establish some sort of censorship among themselves they might eliminate, or at least tone down the sort of outburst which characterized the after-holiday ef-

forts of the retail trade to clear its stock and which confirmed the public's still sensitive

suspicious regarding price-juggling. Early in the year a dozen prominent New York stores put out announcements of fur sales, quite striking in their similarity. Prices were cut in half or thereabouts, such figures as these being given: Mink coat, formerly priced at \$3,300 reduced to \$1,500; sable wrap formerly priced at \$4,500 cut to \$2,000; ermine wrap cut from \$3,000 to \$1,600 and so on.

To four of these advertisers I put three simple questions:

Were the reduced goods authentically the same as the "former price" goods? All claimed that they were.

Were the "former prices," as given, actual sale prices or were they marked up in order to be marked down? Actual sale prices in all cases, according to the replies.

"Then," I asked, "are you now selling at a loss or were you profiteering to the limit on your first prices, since one or another of these conditions must be true in a 50 per cent. cut on high-priced goods?" Two of the advertisers were annoyed at this query, one was amused, and the other said that he was selling at a loss.\*

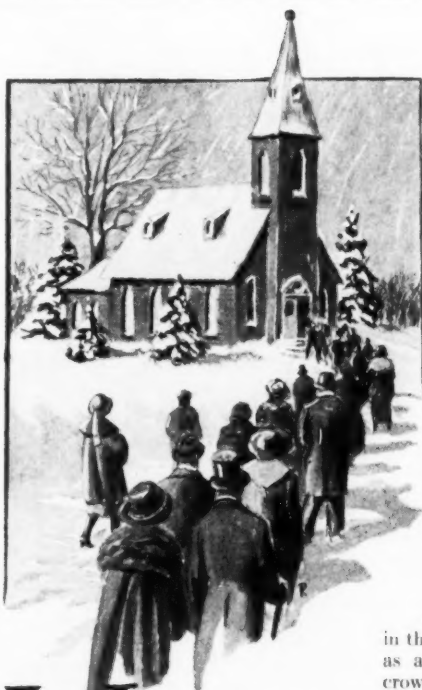
Projecting the inquiry into the future I

\*Later I checked this up with an expert. The truth was not in that merchant!

(Continued on page 207)

# SECTS AND SCHISMS

By FRED C. KELLY



**W**HY do we have so many churches, with vacant pews, when fewer churches not only could accomplish more, but having less overhead cost, could afford to employ more competent preachers?

The same question might be asked about lodges, college fraternities, societies founded upon ancestry, military orders, and clubs of one kind or another. Why are there so many different kinds? At first thought the answer might seem to be: because there are so many kinds of people. But that does not offer sufficient explanation. Two different churches do not exist because each draws one particular type of folk. For there is probably just as much variety among the people in one church as in both. The real answer is the *clique* instinct in mankind—the desire to form little exclusive groups. Having organized a set, or a club, or a church, those on the inside have the satisfaction of feeling that they are better in certain respects than people who do not belong.

When I was a youngster, and compelled to attend the Presbyterian church, I readily got the impression that the Presbyterians, because of certain slight differences in beliefs, were much superior as a class to Methodists or Baptists. I don't recall that anybody ever exactly told me so; I simply sensed it. So strong was this feeling, though nothing was said about it, amongst us Presbyterians, that even to-day when I meet a Methodist or an Episcopalian, I find myself thinking that he is not the social or religious equal of a Presbyterian. My reasoning power tells me that such an idea is utterly absurd; but when I don't stop to reason—as often happens—the same sneaking notion remains that I was raised in a church somewhat better than his.

Now, if everybody in town belonged

to the one big church, what would be the fun? How could one person feel that he was the sectarian superior of somebody else? By quibbling over an unimportant detail of creed, or ritual, however, it is possible to find sufficient excuse to break into smaller groups, each happily sure that it is nearer to the truth than the other. In our town years ago was a church congregation that could not agree whether it was proper to sing psalms or hymns. Those who held that psalms alone gave them the right vehicle of choral expression broke away and established a new church. This in turn suffered a split over the question: is organ music in a church worldly and wicked? Many contended that an organ served a lofty purpose

in that it made for more effective singing, as a form of worship. But the other crowd contained so many irreconcilables that they started a third church. It was impossible, of course, for each of these three churches to hire as high-salaried a preacher as if they had remained under one roof. Sometimes one, or even all three, would have to put up with a noticeably mediocre quality of sermons. But, at that, I believe the members of each congregation were much happier to be thus divided. For each crowd knew that they were right and the others wrong.

**T**HIS craving for controversy, for taking sides on almost any proposition, is strong in people. When there are two baseball teams in a town it is a rare thing for all members of a family to agree on which should win the championship. Much ill feeling has been stirred up among kin folk by dinner table discussions over such questions as whether Doc Cook went to the North Pole. In any community where there is more than one brass band, small boys are certain to come to blows because unable to agree on which band has the best snare drummer. Those who think that Matt Kamp is a better drummer than Horace Zell enjoy defending their opinion, and being on one particular side, just as do those who form themselves into a church, club, or society.

But having got into a group, whether it happens to be a church or a fraternity, the clique instinct then fills one with a strong desire not only to defend this and make it seem superior to others, but also to keep up a great semblance of exclusiveness. Even a lodge of which one may become a member about as readily as becoming a customer at the nearest barber shop, is certain to have formalities and preliminaries intended to make the joiner feel that he is being very greatly honored.

A man likes to join a club whose requirements are high enough to keep out many applicants while still low enough

not to bar him. But after once joining, he is secretly pleased if these requirements are raised—so that a candidate must show one more college degree, higher social standing, more highly approved ancestry, or anything else which has a tendency to make for a more conspicuous distinction between those lucky ones who are regarded by the world as *in* and the numerous unfortunates who are *out*.

Much the same thing happens, in a way, in churches. More than one minister has told me that the reason a church does not grow is often because those in control do not want it to grow. There are always those who feel: "If everybody's going to be permitted to belong to our church, then please tell me what's the point to *my* belonging to it?"

**T**HE men who contribute most heavily to the upkeep of a church, and who, though in the minority, are thus able to boss things, are likely to be men whose capacity for wickedness is somewhat circumscribed. To begin with, they may be too old to have retained much interest in deviltry, and their position in the community as professional prominent citizens is such that they would not think it prudent to be conspicuously sinful even if they had the inclination. Consequently they are not much in sympathy with impiety in others. They are opposed to letting their church be a social center, unwilling to sanction dancing and card playing on the part of their younger members. As I heard one pillar observe: "If we let our young people lead a life of pleasure and yet belong to the church, we make the worship of God too easy." In other words, he would make service to the Almighty as difficult as possible, but not so rigid as to bar himself from seeming participation. Having no longer much urge for pleasures that he regards as sinful, he would set up rules and taboos that would keep his church fairly exclusive, so that being a member in good standing carries a certain amount of distinction. This clique instinct is by no means wholly undesirable. For it includes the impulse to defend one's own crowd or community against all comers and to excel over rival groups—whether these be churches, cities or even nations. It is closely allied with civic pride and with patriotism, both of which are, of course, very desirable.

To be extremely proud of one's town or country and try to keep out objectionable immigrants—that is of course highly commendable. But to maintain a fence about a town, or a church, and shut out other individuals, for motives of vanity or personal aggrandizement, is, it seems to me, running a little to extremes—just as patriotism, when it becomes nationalism, to the point of inflicting itself on other nations and provoking war, is a great deal worse than no patriotism at all.

"Everything else paled in my eyes before the dazzling beauty of his elder daughter, Dona Blanca."



# The Half-breed's Gratitude

By J. H. Rosny, *Ainé*

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

"WHEN I was twenty-one," said Latourne, "my Uncle Ambroise presented his account as my guardian. Uncle Ambroise was a wonderful business man. He boiled me alive. His settlement left me penniless."

"You haven't a sou," he announced. "And you owe me 6,000 francs. I was in about the same fix when I was your age."

"Did you also have a guardian who robbed you?"

"You insult an honest man," my uncle replied, "and at the same time you forfeit an inheritance. That's what I call a poor start in life."

"We exchanged some further amenities of this sort."

"The next day I found myself turned adrift. I remembered that I had another uncle in Argentina, who was a horse breeder and cattle raiser. I decided to go to South America. I sold some jewelry and my gold watch to pay my passage on the steamer *La Guyenne*, and some weeks later I reached that sector of the pampas in which my Uncle Amable lived."

"He gave me a fairly cordial welcome."

"We have plenty of beefsteaks and mutton chops here," he said. "And if you take the trouble, nothing will prevent you from making a small fortune."

"He put me in charge of a ranch, separated from the rest of his holdings by a desert. I lived there with men who were savages or half savages—I mean by that, Indians, half-breeds and a few almost decivilized whites."

"We had to look after 3,000 cattle, 2,000 horses and 10,000 sheep."

AMONG my men was a half-breed named Louis Colorado. One day he was bathing in the river and was seized with a cramp. He was on the point

of drowning. I swim like a crocodile. In the time it took me to strip off my leather suit and my boots I was in the water, and I fished out Colorado.

"He threw his arms about my knees in the manner of the ancients and declared:

"If you ever have an enemy you would like to get rid of, all you have to do is to give me a sign."

"He pointed to the handle of his knife."

"I attached no importance to his words. But thereafter Colorado gave evidences of extraordinary gratitude. He followed me

everywhere. His devotion was at the same time discreet and vigilant. I couldn't escape it."

"TIME passed. I was four years in the pampas when circumstances brought me to the ranch of Alvarez Azevedo. This visit was the great event of my life. Senor Alvarez welcomed me magnificently in honor of Uncle Amable. I spent a week as his guest. Everything else paled in my eyes before the dazzling beauty of his elder daughter, Dona Blanca. When they are beautiful, Spanish-American women have an incomparable charm. At the end of the week I was madly in love with Blanca. I prolonged my visit. My malady became incurable."

"Dona Blanca was interested in me and gave me permission to speak to her father."

"Don Alvarez listened to me and answered:

"My daughter will have the dowry of a princess. What can you bring her?"

"I was obliged to admit that I didn't know. All would depend on my uncle."

"Consult with him," said Don Alvarez. "Then we will see about it."

I WENT to my Uncle Amable. He snubbed me properly."

"The share of the profits which I have put aside for you amounts to about 20,000 pesos," he said. "I will agree to increase your yearly income. But that is all I can do for you. I am not one of those who undress before they are ready to go to bed. Of that you may be sure. Govern yourself accordingly."

"I was in despair. The image of Dona Blanca pursued me. I grew thin and hollow-eyed."

"Luis Colorado seemed to be as de-

pressed as I was. He followed me like a shadow. Sometimes he said to me:

"Tell me what I can do for you, master."

"There isn't anything to do," I answered, thoroughly discouraged.

"He gave me a strange look and then lapsed into his customary taciturnity."

"I took excessively long riding trips and one day, exhausted by fatigue and worry, I fell ill. Colorado watched over me. He was much perturbed. He muttered between his teeth words which I didn't understand."

"On the eighth day of my sickness he vanished. A whole week passed without news of him. My condition grew worse. I was in a state of languor, which the only doctor in that out-of-the-way region didn't know how to treat."

"In the morning they carried me out on the shaded terrace. I lay on a sofa and dreamed. Solitude aiding, I fell into a melancholy so black that I wanted to die."

ONE Monday as I was dreaming thus, my eyes fixed on the plain and my mind haunted by the image of Dona Blanca, Colorado suddenly appeared before me. I lifted my head in astonishment. He gazed at me feverishly.

"Where do you come from?" I asked. "I crossed the desert," he answered; then quickly lowered his head, turned away his eyes and stammered:

"There has been an accident. Your uncle fell from a horse and broke his skull."

"I felt something cold and sinister fluttering in the air about me."

"Luis," I cried, "it was you!"

"He shrugged his shoulders. An ironical smile framed itself on his lips."

"It was fate, master. The horse ran away. Three witnesses saw every single detail."

"It was you?" I repeated, horror-stricken.

"He smiled again."

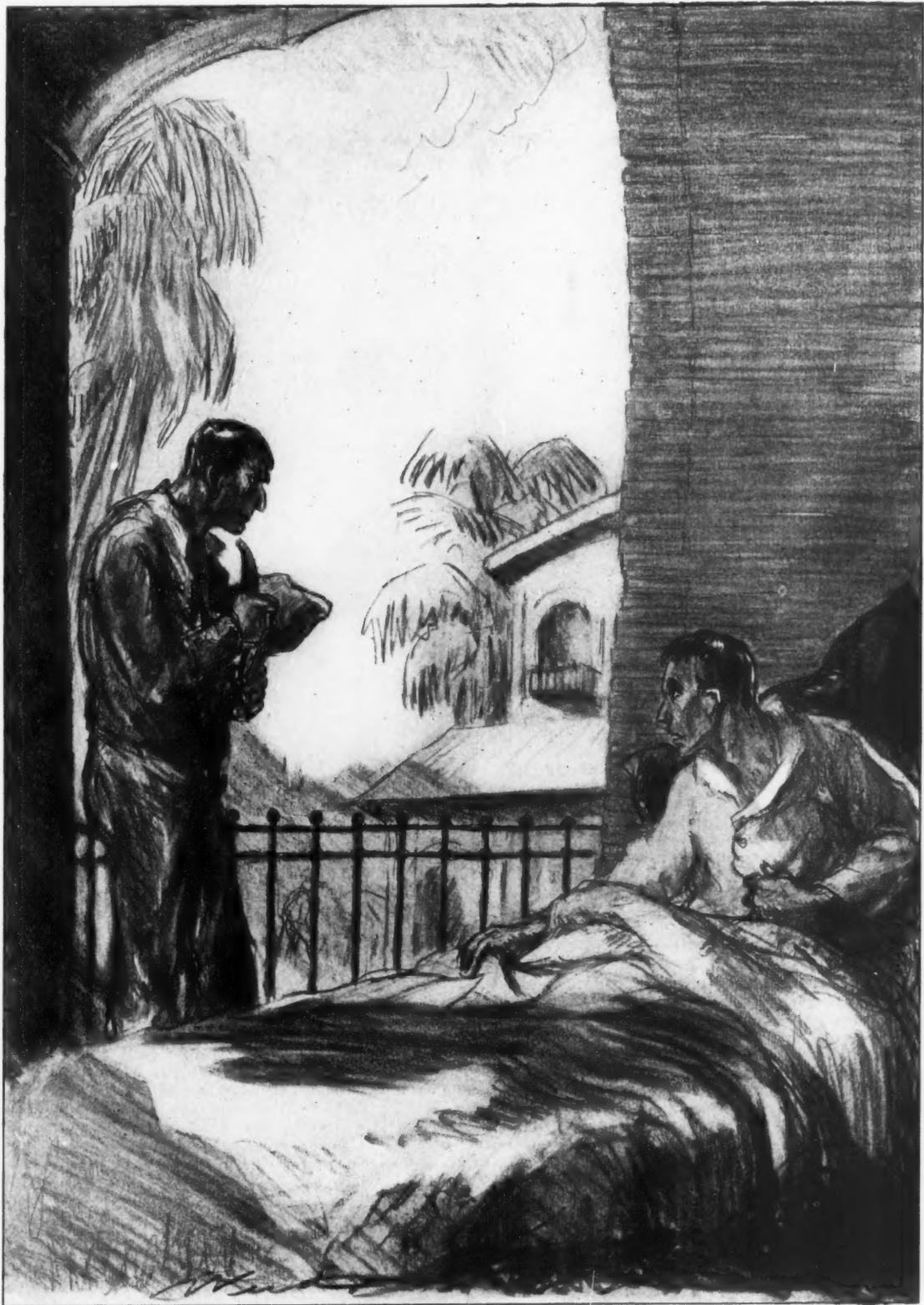
"There is no proof of it—in heaven or on earth."

Latourne was silent for a moment. Then he resumed:

"I passed a terrible month—a month of black remorse. It is true, nevertheless, that my uncle fell from the horse. There were three witnesses. And there wasn't a single bit of proof! Yet some devotions are frightful."

"But did you marry Dona Blanca?" I asked.

"What would you have done in my place?"



"Colorado suddenly appeared before me. I lifted my head in astonishment. He gazed at me feverishly.  
"Where do you come from?" I asked. "I crossed the desert," he answered; then quickly lowered his head."

## CANADA'S AGRICULTURAL BLOC

*The Dominion Feels the Grip of  
Class Government*

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr McNutt gathered most of the material for this article in the course of his tour of Canada for LESLIE'S WEEKLY last Fall. LESLIE'S readers will remember the exceedingly interesting series on current Canadian topics which resulted from his coast-to-coast trip. The present article, as did each of his previous ones, ties up directly with a domestic problem under widespread discussion—that of the agricultural "bloc" in our own Congress.)

THE Canadian farmer has taken the bit in his teeth and is on his way. The Province of Ontario has had a Farmer Party Government for more than a year and last spring the tillers of the soil forsook their plows long enough to vote agriculturists into power in Alberta. In the Dominion elections, held in December, the farmers were more feared and favored than any other economic or political group in Canada, and with justification. Talk about our loosely organized and comparatively inchoate agricultural bloc in Congress! In Canada as a result of the December elections the Progressives, as the farmers are known politically, returned sixty-five members to the House of Commons at Ottawa. In the same election the Conservatives, who had had a clear majority of the chamber, returned only fifty-one. With the Liberals, who will have 117 members in the new House, the Canadian agricultural bloc is expected to work in fairly close concert, always mindful, however, that if necessary it can combine with the Conservatives and the two Labor members to outvote by one the Liberal plurality.

In other words, it holds the balance of power by direct mandate of the Canadian voter, and not simply because its members happen to come from farming sections. When the new Parliament meets, as it will in the course of the next few weeks, we shall begin to see the fruits of the amazing victory won by the sons of Canada's soil.

Any great movement of sentiment is akin to a pendulum in its action. During the war practically all classes in all the belligerent nations worked in unison for a common end. After the war the pendulum of sentiment inevitably swung to the opposite extreme and all over the world we find groups in nations working openly or covertly for only class interest. The Farmer Party in Canada appears to be one of the frankest class-for-class groups to be found anywhere. It is a class party built on an economic foundation to promote the welfare of farmers as a group rather than all the classes of the Dominion as a nation. It is only fair to say that representative men of other groups in Canada confidently expect the Farmer Party to give good government where it is in power.

The Farmer Party in Canada is really a retaliatory—or perhaps one should say defensive—political organization. The farmers' leaders deny that their organization is political. They insist that it is economic. Economic or political, or both, it is the direct outgrowth of the first organized fight the farmers of Canada made to get better prices for their grain



H. W. Wood, of Alberta. Mr. McNutt describes him as the "actual, if unofficial, head" of the powerful Canadian Farmer Party.

Premier H. Greenfield—"a tall, heavy-set, tight-lipped man of middle age, who isn't going to stand any foolishness from anybody. To-day he is one of the great political figures in the Dominion"



PHOTOS BESS

and wriggle free of the tyranny imposed on them by railroad executives and big elevator operators. The movement started in 1901, in the days of 30 and 40 cent wheat, when the farmers were absolutely at the mercy of the railroads and elevator operators. From this economic protective organization the Farmers' Party has grown. It is now what it was in the beginning: An economic group, influencing and manipulating provincial and national tools for the economic advancement of a class.

The group government idea has its clearest expression in the Farmer Party now in power in Alberta. For purposes of illustration we will use that party and its actual, if unofficial, head, H. W. Wood. Mr. H. Greenfield is Premier of the Province of Alberta to-day, but Mr. Wood, the president of the political or economic organization—whatever you choose to call it—although not elected to office, appears to be the real head of the provincial government.

Greenfield, the Premier, passed through

Calgary while I was there, arriving late in the evening and stopping in town only for a few hours. In company with a local reporter I met him at the station. I saw a tall, heavy-set, tight-lipped man of middle age. His shoulders, arms and hands are enormous. His jaw is a grim rock of flesh. The eyes are a fighting blue. He walks with the free, crude stride and slight roll of a powerful, well set up sailor. There is the suggestion of confident truculence in his movements.

The analytical machinery which naturally becomes developed in a reporter, automatically began its attempt at classification in my mind as I was presented to him.

"Skipper of a big ocean liner who's worked his way up from the fo'castle of a windjammer," was the first suggestion. "No. Not quite. Ex-prizefighter? No. Famous old big league ball player who has bought a Class A minor league club and made money? Close, but not quite it. President of a big trade union? Ah! That's him!"

I had him! Like John Lewis, the head of the Mine Workers' Union for example. Appearance, speech, manner—all made the comparison pat.

He said he would see me a little later at the headquarters of the United Farmers of Alberta. A little later I sought him there.

Now there are certain institutions that have the same flavor all over the white world. Among these are police stations, courthouses and trade-union headquarters. When I walked into the offices of the United Farmers of Alberta late that night I knew where I was. I was in a trade-union headquarters.

I found Greenfield, the Premier, in an office with H. W. Wood, the head of the Alberta farmers' organization. I asked the Premier several questions. In answer to each he said: "Ask Mr. Wood about that. He can tell you more about it than I can."

"Does Mr. Wood speak your mind on all things having to do with the United Farmers of Alberta?" I inquired.

The Premier of the province nodded assent. "Whatever he says I'll back up."

He left soon to catch a train and I was alone with one of the most interesting personalities I have met in the economic or political world within the last two years.

A long, lean, loose-jointed man with a limp old shapeless cap pulled low over his forehead. A ruddy-faced man with a large, fleshy nose and wide, full, somewhat Lincolnian lips. A man who sat slumped low in his chair with his eyes almost closed, his hunched up knees braced against the edge of the table.

I asked questions and he answered, haltingly at first but with gradually increasing enthusiasm, until, after an hour

or more he was on his feet, covering the room with long strides, his blue eyes wide open and aglow from the fires of faith that burn strong in him, telling me the story of his dream and the considerable extent of its realization.

He was an American, this dreaming, idealistic, foxy old farmer, who is now the practical head of the Government of Alberta, Canada. He was born in Missouri, just before the Civil War, and lived there until 1905. He was active in the old Populist Party; saw it come into being, rise to some pretensions and disintegrate utterly within four years. In 1905 he went to Canada, settling near Carstairs, Alberta, and to-day he is, in all practical essentials, the head of the provincial Government in the land of his adoption.

Like Greenfield, the Premier, who came to Canada from England twenty years ago and began life as a farm hand, he is a practical, successful farmer. He is a successful farmer and his opponents will tell the world that he is a successful politician. He says he is not a politician, but he is; a shrewd, far-sighted leader of men who knows where he wants to take his followers and is already well along on his chosen way.

If the farmers comprised the entire nation he would be a flaming patriot. He sees himself as one having broader vision than those of his brethren who are swayed by a national rather than a class consciousness. He has, for the farmers of Alberta, of Canada—perhaps of the world—some measure of that quality of feeling which Lincoln had for the United States as a nation. He is of those whose supreme sense of loyalty is expressed in service to his economic class rather than to all the various classes which go to make up a country, united in the complete family known as a nation.

**H**E believes that the farmer group is the only one which can, at present, function successfully as an economic class in gaining and holding influence on or control over government. His argument, summarized, is this:

"Farmers are the only workers who have a common economic interest. The conditions which work for the good of a little farmer equally benefit his more successful neighbor with a vast acreage under cultivation. Also, farmers are bound by an enduring and unchangeable tie—the land. The skilled man who receives high pay is not on the same footing with the pick and shovel laborer. So with the run of small business men—what have they got in common with the magnate? The farmers comprise the only group having a common economic interest and they must function as an economic group rather than as a political party. Government has been in the hands of the money

class. Only the farmers, working as a class, can win government from money."

Candidates of the U. F. A. pledge themselves to do the party will. Many who are now in office in Alberta put their signed resignations in the hands of their local organizations before they were elected. This practice was one of the strongest counts against the five Socialist assemblymen who were tried by the New York legislative body at Albany in 1920, and ousted from their seats there, and the Socialist Party has since decided to abolish it.

Wood frankly recognizes the impossibility of a farmer-labor platform and ticket. There is a labor party in Alberta, but Farmer-Party candidates there make no attempt to modify their campaigns as a lure to the labor vote. Where the Farmer Party is strong they ask the support of labor on the general grounds that the Farmer Government will be better for the worker than that of any of the old parties; and where labor is strong, the farmers support its candidate without asking special farm interest pledges. There is co-operation between the groups but never anything approximating amalgamation.

**T**HE United Farmers of Alberta has a membership of about 35,000. There are 1,000 men's locals; 400 women's organizations and 100 or more junior societies. In these locals the farmers, their wives and children meet often for the study and discussion of everything affecting their welfare. These locals appoint delegates to the district conventions on the basis of one delegate to ten members. The delegates at the district conventions, of which there are ten, then select the candidates. President Wood boasts that the central organization never has anything whatever to do with the selection of candidates. The theory is that the candidate is thus the expression of the people, absolutely uninfluenced by centralized power.

According to U. F. A. official statement, the following things are what the organization hopes to do:

1. Extend its organization so that it will still more completely represent the farm population of Alberta.  
(One notes that reference is made to farm population only.)
2. Promote a healthy community spirit.
3. Stimulate the young, especially to consciousness of responsibility for service.
4. Improve the standard of country living.  
(One notices that there is no reference to the standard of city living.)
5. Promote the practice of co-operation so that distribution of the ordinary commodities may be effected more economically.
6. Seek better rural education, bringing an

agricultural education within reach of all our rural youth.

(The reference is to rural education only.)

7. Help make the next generation of rural Canadians fit to hold their own with all others, mentally, physically, socially, economically and politically.

(The reference is to rural Canadians only.)

8. Secure practical application of the principles of the Farmer's Platform, abolishing tariff injustice and securing revenue by more equitable methods.

9. Oppose class domination socially, economically and politically.

Study that last clause in relation to the others. Oppose class domination! If the Farmer Party is not a class party, what is it? Wood himself flatly declares that it IS a class party. Its members in office are pledged to work for the farmers as a class. True enough, it was organized to fight the domination of the big money class. But is there no way to abolish a political injustice save by the substitution of an injustice? Is it true that the only way to oust one class from the seats of government is by putting another class in its place?

In order fully to understand Alberta's position to-day let us do a little supposing. Let us suppose that the dominant political machine in Pennsylvania was the American Federation of Labor; that the governor and all the legislators were A. F. of L. men, pledged to serve only the interests of labor, and that the unofficial but real head of it all were Sam Gompers. If all that were true, Pennsylvania's situation would be analogous to that of Alberta. Do you say that such a government would be probably better than some Pennsylvania has had? Perhaps. But how is it possible to abolish class government by substituting one dominant class for another?

**T**HE Farmer Party in Alberta is the swing back of the pendulum from the extreme nationalism that existed during the war. Wherever such a party is permanently established, democracy must be dead; and wherever the germ of democracy is alive, such a party cannot be permanently established. Rule by class is antagonistic to democracy, whether the ruling class represents money, farmers, doctors, lawyers or merchant chiefs. The Farmer Party in Alberta may give the province the best government it has ever had. That would be no argument in its favor to a believer in democracy. The best rule in the world is that of a wholly good, wholly competent absolute monarch. But in the long run ruling monarchs and ruling classes, good or bad, must go if democracy is to live. "Of the people, by the people and for the people." Try and make the rule of any class fit that statement of democracy. Try and do it!





# The Safety Valve

By Scammon Lockwood

Illustrated by P. V. E. Ivory

## CHAPTER IV

"**T**OO common altogether," said Zelda. "I understand that about fifty are stolen every day. No, it would have to be something more novel and exciting than that."

Lucile merely laughed and stretched herself luxuriously. She was stiff from her long ride.

"I could almost blame it on the suit," continued Zelda. "Do you mean to tell me that Durand let you wear that outfit on Fifth Avenue?"

"Oh, he got me hidden away over in one corner of the Van Buskirk as soon as he could."

"I should have written it that way," said Zelda. "Well, it is transcendently smart and therefore uncomfortable. Take it off."

Lucile slipped out of her jacket and sat down. She felt wide awake, yet deliciously languid as if there were no hurry about anything. She lit another cigarette and stretched out in a lounge chair. "Let's sit up all night," she said.

"So we may be first to greet the rosy-fingered dawn of Homer and all poets

### The Story Thus Far

**L**UCILE GRESHAM, a fashionable New York girl who had been writing about such things for the magazines, obeys a sudden impulse to steal an automobile. The car had been left standing beside the freight entrance to a famous Fifth Avenue jewelry store by two men who had just deposited in it a mysterious looking satchel. Lucile drives the stolen car, as if by prearranged plan, first to Long Island City, thence to Staten Island and then up through New Jersey to the home of her friend, Zelda Ainsworth, at Nyack, on the west bank of the Hudson, picking the ferries least likely to be watched. On the way she buys a folding cot, a rain coat and some cheap walking shoes; she steals some license plates from another machine and substitutes them for her own, and she takes a peek into the satchel to find there a magnificent assortment of jewelry. She also calls up her home on Long Island to announce that she will spend the night with Zelda. Durand Hathaway, her fiancé, with whom she talks on the 'phone, suspecting nothing of her adventure makes her promise to be home the following night to entertain at dinner his father, old Myron Hathaway, well known in Wall Street, who hitherto has disapproved of their engagement. Arrived at Zelda's Lucile stuffs the jewelry into the capacious pockets of her raincoat and after hanging the latter in the guest room closet calmly announces to her hostess that she has stolen an automobile.

since. No, and I don't thank you. I merely stare with rude wonder."

"Don't you remember what fun it used

to be at college and how we used to feel all thrilly when the first gray streaks showed across the sky?"

"You forget that the fun of it at college was because it was forbidden and we would get satanic fits if we were found out."

"That wasn't why I enjoyed it," Lucile declared.

"Oh, yes, it was, my blindest of all blind bats."

"That isn't why I would enjoy it to-night."

"A survival only. Don't you remember about survivals; there are political survivals, social survivals, religious survivals, physical survivals, psychological survivals, things that once had reason but now just go on from mere inertia."

"Is that why I enjoyed stealing an automobile to-night?"

"Of course. It was Captain Kidd asserting himself. Haven't I always told you that you had gallons of buccaneer blood?"

Lucile leaned back and let a dense smoke ring float lazily upward. She



"She stopped long enough to sink the stolen license plates in the mud and ooze at the bottom of one of the rivelettinas."

wanted to tell Zelda about her adventure. She wanted to live over in easy pleasurable narrative the wild joy of it. But she didn't want to force it on Zelda. She wanted it to come out casually. And it looked as if Zelda wasn't going to allow this. Some parts of the story she must omit; she could not tell about the brown bag, but the main portion could be warmed over and like many a familiar food, be better at the second serving than at the first.

She stealthily tried once more to creep around to an opportunity for a casual reference to the fact that she had stolen an automobile.

"Don't you ever get sleepy?" she said.

"Oh, yes, but this was one of my writing nights. I had a large cup of black coffee after dinner."

"Did it work as usual?"

"I wrote from eight until just before you came."

"I got two big cups of coffee in Newark."

"Newark? What in the name of your grandmother's cat were you doing in Newark? Where did you come from?"

"Thirty-seventh and Fifth Avenue."

"Well, didn't you take the Dyckman Street ferry?"

"Not much; that was about the first one the police would have watched."

"Lucile Gresham, I'll spank you and put you to bed without another cigarette. Police, indeed. You are suffering from a police complex."

Lucile laughed. "You have to drag

your beloved psychoanalysis in, don't you, darling? Still, I am a happy fugitive from justice."

"I suppose there'll be a *posse* pounding on the door in a few minutes and a rough-mannered but chivalrous miner or cowboy calling through the keyhole, 'Come, give up the boss thief and not a hair of your head will be harmed!'"

"No," replied Lucile. "I think I have thrown them off the trail."

"All but Hawkshaw, the lynx, ha, ha," laughed Zelda.

Lucile gave it up. "No, but for a fact, Zel, I stole Marion Crossman's Challenge-Six this evening," she said.

"Stole it?"

"Yes, it was standing on Thirty-seventh Street just by Baldrick's and I just hopped in and drove it away."

"You didn't!"

"It was all sorts of fun. Two men chased me."

"Lucile Gresham! I am beginning to think you have done something very rash."

"Oh, yes, I have. But it was worth it and anyhow Marion needs a scare. She shouldn't leave her car standing around unlocked."

"Lucile, if you really did drive Marion's car away, you must call her up at once and tell her."

"Not at all; Marion needs a thorough lesson—a good scare!"

"This is the first time you ever showed the obnoxious characteristics of the reformer, my dear."

"Let me tell you about it," said Lucile quite ignoring Zelda's question. "Just as I turned the corner from Fifth Avenue into Thirty-seventh Street—"

It was nearly three o'clock when Lucile finished the account of her adventures. Gradually, as the narrative proceeded, she had slipped out of one garment after another; her blouse as she dashed down Madison Avenue, her tight, short little skirt she slid down over her knees as she reached the Staten Island ferry. Then she lolled awhile in the silken undergarments she loved as she told of the theft of the license plates.

Zelda looked very thoughtful at this. "Weren't you going pretty far, Lu?" she remarked.

"Perhaps so," said Lucile as she absently began unfastening her garters, "but I just went ahead without really thinking and did the things that seemed to be necessary."

"If it had seemed necessary to kill a few people, would you have done it?" Zelda asked.

Lucile unclasped the long corsets which assisted materially in preserving her reed-like slimness, laid them aside and slumped over onto the pillows of the couch before the fire.

"Do you know, Zel, I believe I would. Of course, the license plates are nothing—ten or fifteen dollars—I can find the owner's name and return them or the money by mail, but I never thought of that at the time."

Zelda watched Lucile as she slowly

pushed down first one silk stocking and then another until their trim shapeliness had been transformed into two loose and formless rolls of fabric about her ankles. "You were just a sort of complicated machine, like a torpedo, perhaps, going ahead as predetermined, entirely without thought?"

Lucile considered this a moment. "Where are the pajamas you promised me?" she asked, quite irrelevantly, and then, as Zelda dived into a drawer and flung her dissolute garments of soft voile and ribbon, "Perhaps I was. I never felt so stimulated in my life."

Arrayed in the warm, glowing pink of the pajamas, she curled up at the end of the couch intrenched against discomfort by a multitude of pillows and lit her twentieth Zendeopa.

"Stimulated in what way?" said Zelda. "Oh, I don't know," responded Lucile. "Perhaps the nearest way I could describe it would be to say that it is the same kind of mental elation that you feel when your writing is going just as it should when you haven't any artistic temperament."

Zelda looked keenly at Lucile. She felt uneasy. She of course could not know that Lucile had stolen an absolutely strange car, but she felt somehow that things were far from being as they should be. And Lucile's statement that she had felt as if she had no artistic temperament rather puzzled her. Both she and Lucile knew perfectly well that any artist having the technique that enables him to express all that he sees and feels is the most phlegmatic of all creatures and that only those poor incompetents in whom are dammed up the eternal narcotics of fancy have what we call artistic temperament. Yet the artistic temperament was just what Lucile had been displaying for the past year, much to the distress and irritation of all her friends, and now she said that she was released from that particular neurosis. "Why?" Even in the most advanced psychology which Zelda had studied as a sort of hobby since she left college, there was no answer to the question.

"I suppose the explanation is," she finally said, "that you were doing, or thought you were doing, something supremely well."

"Well, you know I was," said Lucile with animation. "I was doing it very well. I didn't miss a trick anywhere. I even went into a store and bought an army—" she checked herself suddenly.

"What did you buy?" said Zelda.

"I bought a raincoat," said Lucile.

Zelda was more puzzled than ever. "I am still thinking of Marion," she finally said. "She's probably notified the police and made a fearful fuss."

"If you knew Marion, you would realize that she is incapable of that sort of thing."

"Still more reason why you should call her up and set her mind at ease."

"Never; it's too late now. She would have to tell the police and then I might get into trouble. No, the car must just be found. I'll leave it in front of her house some dark night."

"Let's get to sleep," said Zelda.

"I feel as if I wouldn't sleep for a year," Lucile replied.

"Oh, come along and give it a trial anyhow," said Zelda.

"What have you got to read?" said Lucile.

Zelda gathered up an armful of the latest books and magazines and put them on the table beside the spare bed. But Lucile hardly more than glanced at the first one—in three minutes after she was stretched out she was sleeping like a baby or an old woman, soundly, dreamlessly. Zelda looked at her curiously for a moment, watching her with a puzzled expression on her face and then switched off the light and climbed upon her own couch.

Lucile slept until twelve o'clock and awoke wondering what delightful anticipations gave her such an eager desire to be up and dressed. She remembered that Durand was to come to dinner that evening. Still that couldn't be it—Durand had often come to dinner and she couldn't recall that the thought of it had ever affected her in just that way. Then she looked about her, recalled where she was and it burst upon her that she was looking forward eagerly to that moment when she should be able gloatingly to deck herself out in the jewels. She thought about that as the climax to her adventure.

She jumped out of bed and ran into the living room. There was a note on the table from Zelda. She had been called to town to see her agent about some motion picture rights—Camile, the maid, had been instructed to prepare breakfast whenever Lucile wished it. That was all. She looked about her for the morning newspaper, presently found it on a taboret near the fireplace. She scanned it eagerly. Could there be anything in it at all about her adventure? There was nothing on the front page. "Well," she thought, "perhaps it seems like a front page story to me, but it isn't to the rest of the world." She looked through the entire paper, could not find so much as a paragraph. Then it occurred to her that it *was* a front page story but for that very reason it was kept entirely out of the papers. That was done, she knew, sometimes to prevent valuable information getting to criminals. However, there was no use speculating on the matter. The next thing to consider was breakfast.

Lucile poked her nose into the tiny, spotless kitchen. Camile was giving an entirely superfluous rub to an already spotless enameled refrigerator.

"*Bonjour, Camile; est-ce que le déjeuner est prêt?*"

"*Oh, bonjour, Mademoiselle. Oui, dans deux minutes. C'est-ce que Mademoiselle désire? Des oranges, du café au lait, du pain grillé, du porridge, des œufs, des tranches de porc grillées?*"

"*Où, Camile, et puis aussi des pommes de terre à la crème. J'ai une faim de loup.*"

"*Très bien, Mademoiselle, je vais le régler, cet appétit.*"

"*C'est bon.*"

Lucile, thus reassured regarding breakfast, returned to the bathroom and turned on the water. In twenty minutes she sat down to such a breakfast as only a Frenchwoman, who venerates cooking as a religion, can prepare. She chatted gaily with Camile, as if she had not a

thing on her mind. In an hour she was fresh as a Sandy Hook breeze and ready for the broad highway. In spite of other matters on her mind, however, she didn't forget to call her father up at his office and tell him that Myron Hathaway was going to dine with them that evening. She laughed to herself when she thought of Myron Hathaway dining with her; it was thrilling—the mere idea that he might ever know what she had been doing.

She went out to the garage, carrying the raincoat slung carelessly over her arm, and proceeded to take down the curtains of the automobile. Then a peculiar sense of possession prompted her to get a damp cloth and wipe off the body and hood and mudguard and then to run into the house and get a clean cloth and some floorpolish and go over the whole thing again so that it shone almost like new. Still she was exhilarated as she had been the evening before, still she experienced that new pulse leap that had come to her as such a wonderful experience the evening before.

She left word for Zelda that she would telephone her in the evening, climbed into the automobile and drove leisurely down toward the Tarrytown ferry. Here she repeated her tactics of the evening before; leaving the automobile in some out of the way place, she proceeded on foot to the head of the ramp and there watched until a Challenge-Six came along. As before, no one paid any attention to it. She had felt sure that this would be the case. It was improbable that the police would bother to watch ferries going toward New York. But she had wanted to multiply this assurance by ocular observation.

Completely satisfied, she walked back and drove down to wait for the next boat.

Well, caution was nevertheless needed. After landing on the New York side she whizzed across the Albany Post Road, darted down one of the back country lanes that spider-web Westchester County. Here again she was in familiar territory. She picked up the County House Road and after about two miles turned into the Saw Mill River Road. This would take her well out of her way, but she felt that she was not being over-cautious. She skirted the lower edge of the Kensico Reservoir, turned north once more through the outskirts of Mount Kisco, struck over east past little Trinity Lake and crossed the State line into Connecticut on a road that was little more than a gravel trail along Mud Pond. Half a mile beyond she caught the State Road to Stamford, turned east at Lockwood and gave both New Canaan and Norwalk wide berths. Just beyond Westport she picked up the Boston Post Road and boldly followed it into Bridgeport where she caught the three-thirty ferry to Port Jefferson with ten minutes to spare.

She had made such a wide detour, nearly always coming toward New York City rather than going away from it, particularly when using ferries, that she felt sure she would not encounter anyone who would want to question her. Still, when she landed on Long Island she continued down byways instead of taking the smooth, direct Jericho Turnpike straight into Westbury.

(Continued on page 214)

# AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL.

**M**EN should be careful how they change their evening papers, the ones they bring home. A shift from the *Bugle* to the *Gazette*, while lightly made, in reality is a serious step. Nothing is more certain to throw the home circle, the feminine wing of it, into high connipations. And for reasons which will be apparent.

It is not news which makes newspapers nowadays but features, and one of the leading features of evening papers is a doctor's column, "Talks with Doctor Grady" or "Health Hints by Doctor Gripes." Let us assume that Doctor Grady writes for the *Evening Bugle*, Doctor Gripes for the *Gazette*. Unconsciously, the *Bugle's* fireside readers absorb Doctor Grady's ideas. If he scoffs at the notion that night air is injurious, they scoff at it, too. If Doc Grady is a germ fan, an enthusiast on the subject of infection, his readers likewise go in for germs. They are sick or well, their symptoms are trifling or terrific, in accordance with Doc Grady's general theories as expressed nightly on the household page of the *Bugle*.

Imagine what happens—you'll see it at once—when the man of the family quits bringing home the *Bugle* and buys the *Gazette*. A peaceful evening is wrecked beyond repair when his wife, scanning the magazine page of the *Gazette*, finds thereon "Health Hints by Doctor Gripes." Doctor Gripes differs from Doctor Grady on nearly everything, snickers at germs in a superior, patronizing manner, and says of course you can catch cold from night air, or from sitting in a draught. The glow of conscious health in a reader of "Talks with Doctor Grady," is displaced by violent tremors and the damp pallor of weakness as the shift is made to "Health Hints by Doctor Gripes."

It affords no relief to switch to the *Evening Record-Age*, because the *Record-Age* has Doctor Newskin writing for it—"How to Keep Husky by Dr. Abner P. Newskin. Copyright, 1922, by Foolish Feature Service"—and Doctor Newskin is as different in his dope from Doctor Grady as he is from Doctor Gripes. So desperate is this situation there seems to be nothing for it but a search for a paper with a daily column, "How to Keep Out of the Grave," by some eminent and confidence-inspiring undertaker.

Gentlemen, if you bring home an evening newspaper, keep on bringing it home. For your family's sake, for the sake of your own peace of mind, don't change.

Perhaps Wall Street would look with more lenient eye upon the Farmer bloc in

the Senate if the members would change its name to Gentleman-Farmers' bloc.

## THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

**B**Y THE time these words appear in print, Will Hays should be well on his way toward earning that \$150,000 salary (or whatever it is) as harmonizer (or whatever he is) of the big movie interests. He has given up politics, which is calamitous. If the brief and fleeting Postmaster General is worth all that money to the movies as a harmonizer and stabilizer, it is incredible that the Republican Party should let him go. Nothing in the United States is at present in greater need of harmonizing and stabilizing than this same Republican party, what with tariff and tax dis-



"A peaceful evening is wrecked beyond repair when his wife, scanning the magazine page of the *Gazette*, finds thereon 'Health Hints by Dr. Gripes.'"

agreements, Newberry's "vindication," the Agricultural bloc—we might say blockade—in the Senate, and all the rest of it. Mr. Hays' postoffice job wasn't one-two-three in point of opportunity compared with what awaited him as tactful, guiding spirit of the Republican National Organization. As for pecuniary reward, it would seem that no salary, however great, could be too much for a harmonizer-stabilizer who could insure for the Republicans an impressive victory in next fall's Congressional elections.

Now that Hays is out, Postoffice employees may be forced to sort mail unaccompanied by a phonograph.

**T**HE spectacular success of the raisin and prune drives makes California wish there was some practical way to put out oranges and grapefruit in handy, vest-pocket packages.

"He did not learn of his mistake until he and his band had tooted two more tunes out of sheer gratitude."



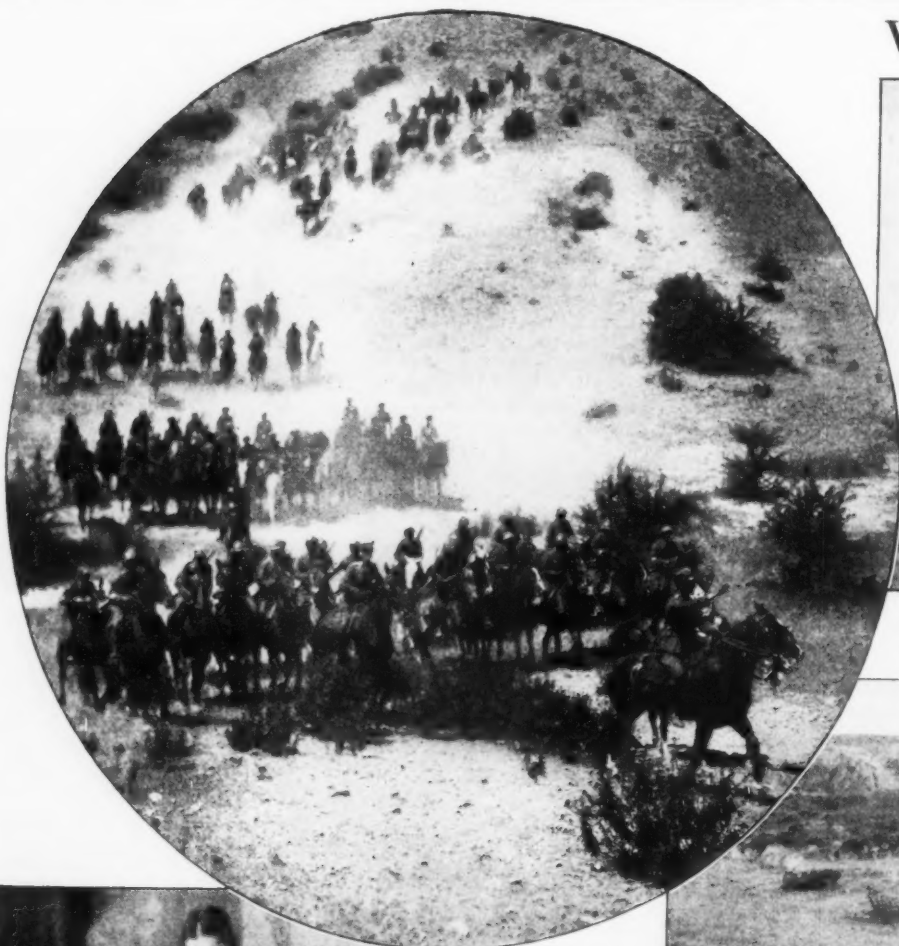
## MOVIE FINANCE

**M**ORE cuts are announced in the pay of movie employees. The business, it seems, is still in a bad way. Groping for a reason, consider the announcement in the program of a recent "first night." The picture, said the program, had been cut from 320 reels to fourteen. Which means that fourteen reels must do a big enough business to pay a profit upon the investment cost of 320, quite a tidy pace, financially speaking. If other industries were conducted on this basis—the building industry, for example—a five-story house would be raised to

thirteen or fourteen and then, after the cornice was on, cut down to five. In domestic matters, a fellow with a living-room ten by ten would buy a rug fourteen by nineteen and reduce it to fit. There is nothing surprising in the news that the movies are in frequent difficulties. The surprising thing is that they haven't asked for a government subsidy.

**C**AN Germany pay? It can, but it won't. Germany is getting hunk, that's all. We recall the night in our boyhood when our esteemed parent gave the leader of a German street-band a two-cent piece (there were still a few of them in circulation) and the leader thanked him effusively, thinking (it being dark) that the two-cent piece was a quarter. He did not learn of his mistake until he and his band had tooted two more tunes out of sheer gratitude, and they had gone under the lamp-post to count up the profits. Germany is getting hunk, that's all.

## WHERE GREECE

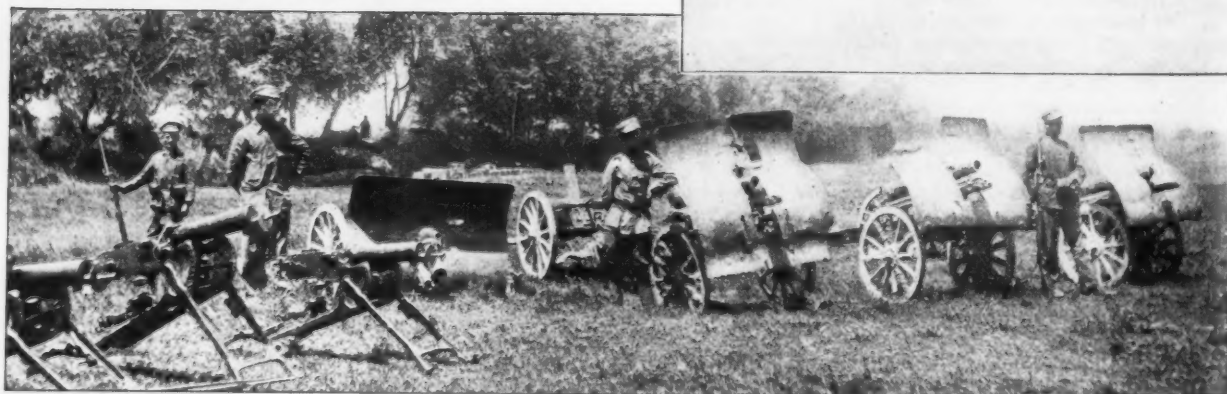


**G**REEK infantry advancing to attack the defense of the Pasha beyond the Sakaria river. The Greek forces have been directed at the capture of Angora, but have been



**A SQUADRON** of Greek cavalry pursuing the retreating Turks after the battle of Sakaria river, forty miles from the Turkish headquarters at Angora. Prince Andrew, King Constantine's brother, commanded the Greeks.

**WOUNDED** Greek soldier being operated on by Dr. Coryllos, at the front.



**SOME** of the vast booty of Eski Shehr, in which the Greeks claim to have captured or dispersed 30,000 Turks and taken 100 guns, in addition to a vast amount of other valuable materiel. The weapons shown here were made in Germany.

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# GREECE IS GIVING EUROPE'S SICK MAN A DRUBBING

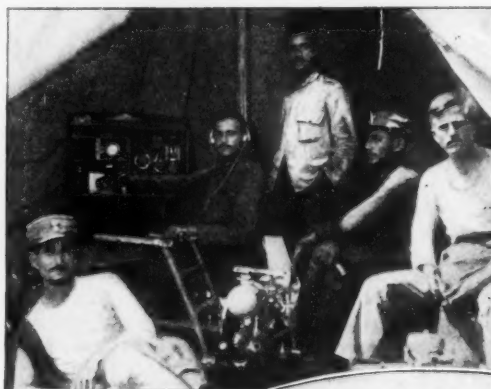


to attack the defensive positions of Mustapha Kemal river. The Greek campaign after Eski Shehr has not mora, but has been a very successful pursuit of the Turks.



**KUTAHIA**, on the Baghdad railway, was the key to the Turkish positions on the Greek front, heavily defended with barbed wire entanglements, machine gun nests and modern fortifications, in true German style. These the Greeks pounded to pieces with big guns from Tounlu Bounar.

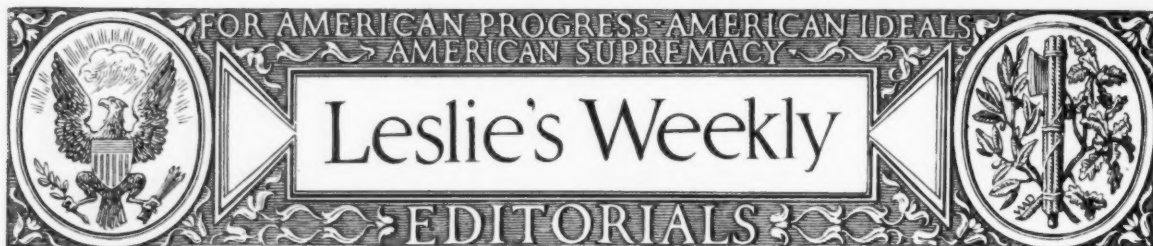
**A GREEK** machine gun in operation against the Turks in the front lines at Sivi Hissar. Here and at the Sakaria river Mustapha Kemal Pasha collected his scattered troops and made a stand against Constantine's pursuing army. The Greeks added 14,000 square miles to their holdings and secured control of the Baghdad railway by their campaign.



**INTERIOR** of a wireless station of the 11th Greek division, whose commander, General Trikoupi, was trained in French military schools.

**TURKISH** spy captured by the Greeks at Ushak, Greek G.H.Q. at the beginning of the operations against the Turks.





### Word-shy

"**M**AN lives not by bread alone," pronounced the shrewdly perspective Stevenson, "but chiefly by catchwords."

Seldom has a catchword produced a more potent and dismaying effect than the term, "bloc," as introduced into our politics. The agricultural "bloc," we are vehemently informed, threatens disintegration to our system. None of the hair-tearers and breast-thumpers has told us why or how; they only moan and writhe and utter prophecies. Yet, if the word be translated into "group," its soul-freezing potencies vanish. We have endured without alarm groups in both houses of Congress for years; financial, manufacturing, tariff, suffrage, and railroad groups, to name a few. But when the agrarian States senators closed their lines some shrewd word-monger raised the warning cry of "a bloc." "Look out for it. Dangerous! Subversive! Perhaps (whisper) Bolshevistic. What is it? Nobody knows. What are its purposes? Undefined. Then it must be a peril to our institutions. Down with it!" Bogey-words. Comfortable souls will remind themselves that though the old maid always has and probably always will leap, shrieking, upon the chair, history fails to record an instance of the mouse really biting her. All that this "bloc" mouse wants, we suspect, is a fair nibble at the cheese.

### Misplaced Clemency

**A** BUILDING ring gripped the nation. Corrupt corporate interests combined with venal labor unions to maintain an artificial and profitable shortage in construction materials. The law stepped in. Union leaders were convicted and imprisoned. Corporation officials were found guilty and, instead of being harmlessly fined, as has hitherto been the practice, were sent to jail. Thus Justice dealt with an equal hand. The labor criminals are serving their terms like any other convicts. Not so their corporation accomplices. Special privileges appear to have been the rule for them, culminating in the furtive release, on executive order, of one of the heads of the Tile Trust. The reason given is that to serve out the remaining few months of his term would have been detrimental to his health. Very likely. Prisons are not health resorts. But the desperate housing conditions of past years, for which Nobbe and his fellows of the Tile Trust were partly responsible, were detrimental to the health of thousands of innocent and helpless people. As an individual offender, Nobbe is unimportant; as a precedent he would be disastrous. But his case will hardly encourage President Harding to continue the policy of mistaken sentimentality. The protests of the press have been too general and emphatic. Publicity may not be able always to right a wrong, but it is usually potent enough to prevent its repetition.

### Ballyhoo, Buncombe, and Common Sense

**A**N UNIDENTIFIED booster is placarding the country with this yawp: "Nineteen twenty-two will be the Biggest Year in United States History. Good Times are with Us." Contemporaneously the Guaranty Trust Company of New York introduces an announcement in these words: "Nineteen twenty-one, a year of re-adjustments, has laid a sound foundation for business in 1922."

Both advertisements aim at the same effect, and in diametrically opposite directions. One relies upon airy prophecy,

the other upon sober fact. This year is not going to be "the biggest in history" for us. No sane business man wishes it to be, for that would imply an inflation more monstrous and eventually more costly than that for which so heavy a reckoning was paid last year. It is going to be a year of slow, hard, but steady advance, with each position consolidated as it is gained. The "sound foundation is there" with the water well squeezed out of it. The job ahead is to build on it wisely and solidly. Such empty boostings as that quoted above are as meaningless as they are futile. What kind of a brain is it, which at such a time puts forth the "biggest year in history" type of buncombe? One, presumably, that is obsessed with words rather than facts. The man who saws wood diligently—and that is the kind of man who is most needed in every line right now!—will have little breath to waste on the language of ballyhoo.

### Suggestion for a Movie

**B**ACK in the dark ages Cabinet officials used to graduate automatically into lucrative law practices or corporation presidencies. Nowadays the motion pictures get 'em if they don't watch out. They got Secretary McAdoo and knocked him for a thinking part, and now they have filched Will Hays away from the Administration. As Mr. Hays' personal pulchritude is not such as to inspire jealousy in Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge, it is to be assumed that he has been rapt away from political life for other than pictorial purposes. Optimism inspires the hope that his mission is to re-constitute the screen drama on a basis of decency, and thus save it from the inequities and stupidities of a general censorship. Any industry which takes a play as free of sex-suggestion as Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" and perverts it to the lure of prurience by renaming it "Male and Female," or exploits a blundering amateur for no other reason than his having been co-respondent in a mephitic divorce scandal, needs a strong disinfectant. Mr. Hays' character and record indicate that he will be neither reluctant nor niggardly in applying it. As a screen subject we would gladly pay a record price to see the ex-Postmaster General in crusader's armor, fighting a double battle to rescue the distressed damsel, Princess Movie, from the cross-eyed giant, Censorship, and the loathly dragon, Indecency, with the jackal, Bankruptcy, lurking in the background to pick the bones should he fail.

### Yellow That Is Only Skin Deep

**N**INE Americans out of ten would have picked Japan as the probable trouble-maker of the Disarmament Conference. That the island Orientals would be infinitely polite about it was assumed; but beneath the courtesy would be chicanery and double-dealing. The politeness has been manifest at all times, the smallest suggestion of trickery not once. Candor and open dealing have been the unailing methods of the island representatives. Where their interests have run counter to those of this nation they have been insistent upon their contentions, not always justly, perhaps. But invariably they have "spoken out in meeting"; theirs has been the open and above-board attitude. And their good temper and equanimity in the face of certain trying provocations have been admirable. Except among the blind followers of the hatred-mongering Mr. Hearst, the Japanese by their bearing have made more new friends in America than any other nation at the conference.

# SUMMER EFFICIENCY IN WINTER WEATHER

**I**N VARIOUS articles we have pointed out the difficulty due to inefficient gasoline engine operation in cold weather. We have shown how the gasoline is a heat engine which operates best at certain degrees of temperature most easily attained in summer weather. We have also shown how the absence of the heat required to vaporize present-day grades of gasoline results in a condensation in the cylinders which causes the raw fuel to seep past the piston rings and eventually to reach the oil in the crank case, thus necessitating a frequent change of the lubricant.

But inasmuch as a gasoline engine generates its own heat it need be a matter of but a few moments before the engine can be made to operate almost as under summer conditions, provided proper heat-conserving appliances are employed. Automatic thermostats, radiator covers, radiator shutters and the like will accomplish this to a certain extent.

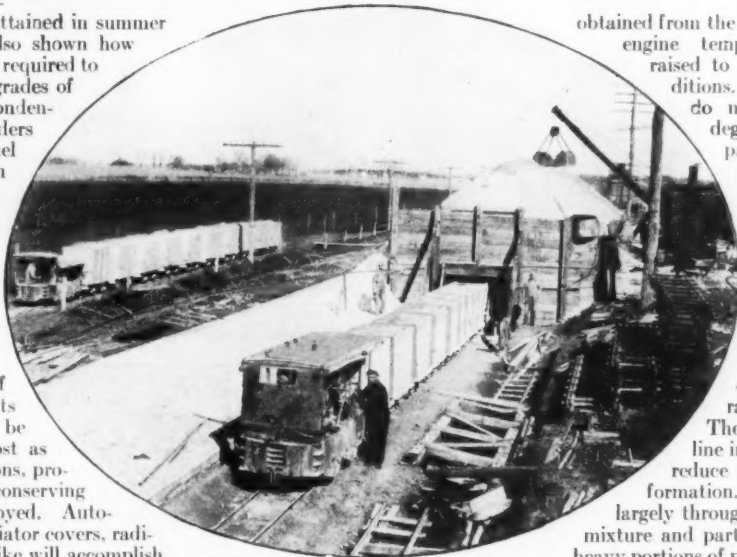
It must be admitted, however, that, great as have been the improvements in gasoline engine design, they have not kept pace with the decrease in the quality of present-day fuels. "Hot spots," short intake manifolds and other means of bringing about high efficiency quickly, depend upon a certain amount of initial heat which does not exist in an inert cold car, unless we employ some electrical devices for preheating the mixture, or unless we are willing to drain our radiators at night and fill them with hot water in the morning. This last mentioned solution is assuredly one of the cheapest and most effective for it serves to apply the heat to all parts of the vaporizing system—both fuel and air intake—at which it is most needed. If water of a temperature close to the boiling point is used, exactly the same conditions as would be obtained after a six or seven mile run will be made to exist almost immediately upon the first push of the starter button. This will, of course, save the battery and will also serve to warm the crank case oil so that it will soon be in a condition to flow properly through the pump, pipes and other portions of the lubricating system. With the use of a satisfactory anti-freezing solution in the water, however, draining the radiator at night becomes unnecessary so far as protection from ice formation is concerned.

Further, if no initial heat is applied to the engine or mixture before the starter is operated, better efficiency will be obtained if a high grade of gasoline is used during the winter months. It is true

## MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Subscribers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be inclosed for reply.



E. E. PIERSON

The great Illini Boulevard connecting Chicago and St. Louis, a stretch of concrete 285 miles in length, is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for traffic by the close of 1922. There yet remains a gap between Joliet and Springfield. The new road will cut sixty miles from the auto trip from St. Louis to Chicago. The above picture was taken recently near Bloomington.

### DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why the automatic wind shield wiper sometimes operates faster at slow engine speed than when the engine throttle is wide open?
2. Why some anti-freezing solutions cause hard starting?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why cannot gasoline be used to prevent radiator water from freezing if alcohol and kerosene are successful for the purpose?

Alcohol has a great affinity for water and mixes with it as soon as it is poured into the radiator. Kerosene does not have as great affinity for water but it will form an emulsion if poured in and shaken up. When kerosene is used as an anti-freezing agent, however, it should be employed without water in the radiator. The boiling point of kerosene is considerably higher than that of water. The boiling point of gasoline is lower. Gasoline does not mix with water and it will eat through the rubber piping. The gas given off when subjected to heat is so inflammable that it would prove exceedingly dangerous if used in the radiator.

2. Why are some spark plugs made without copper gaskets to prevent leakage?

Such spark plugs are made with pipe threads which are cut on a slightly-cone shaped surface to fit into the spark plug. This means that, as the plug is screwed into the cylinder, the fit becomes tighter and no gasket is required.

that the better the quality of gasoline the less power or number of heat units does it contain per gallon—provided all of the heat units of the lower-grade fuel can be obtained. These heat units or power producing ability, however, cannot be obtained from the low grades of fuel until engine temperatures have been raised to normal operating conditions. Proper grades of fuel do not require such high degrees of temperature to produce sufficient vaporization, and in consequence such "high-test" gasoline will enable an engine to start with less use of the "choke" and proportionately less danger of condensation in the cylinders and ensuing dilution of the crank case oil by raw gasoline.

The use of high test gasoline in cold weather will also reduce the amount of carbon formation. Carbon is formed largely through the use of too rich a mixture and partly from the unburned heavy portions of poor grade gasoline. If gasoline can be fed in such quantities that it will burn cleanly, as is the case when the engine has reached its proper temperature, but little carbon will be formed. When it must be fed in such excess quantities, however, as is necessary for starting a cold engine with poor gasoline, the residue collects on piston heads, cylinder walls and valve surfaces, and because of the lack of sufficient air to permit of its combustion, gradually bakes on in the form of a hard crust. This is the reason for the more rapid formation of carbon during winter driving than is the case with the use of a car in summer.

"But," you say, "sufficiently high-grade gasoline may not be available." In this case it will be necessary to drain the crank case of its old lubricating oil more frequently and to remove carbon possibly twice as often as would be the case were an easily-vaporized fuel employed in the gas tank. Carbon removal does not necessarily necessitate the disassembling of the engine and scraping it with specially formed tools. Carbon may be burned out by the oxygen process at comparatively small cost or it may be dissolved by one of the well-known carbon removers on the market. Scraping or burning is the more effective, but if a liquid carbon remover is used every 500 or 1,000 miles and is applied absolutely according to directions, carbon formation will be reduced to the point where it will not become serious during cold weather operation.

A thinner crank case oil should be used in winter than in summer. Cold tends

(Concluded on page 212)



## KEYSTONE

It costs money to stay out late in Stuttgart, Germany. The city fathers have just passed a law which requires everyone out after midnight to pay a tax or submit to arrest. Tax stamps—like this one—are used. The rates are as follows: Out from 12 to 1—5 marks; 1 to 2 8 marks; 2 to 3—10 marks. Stuttgart, it is said, is rapidly becoming a model city.

## CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA



## UNDERWOOD

Behold Broadway's latest! Members of the fair sex just had to have a place where they might puff away between acts; so the Globe Theater, coincidentally with the opening of "Good Morning, Dearie," opened this smoking lounge for them. Popular? Rather!

## KADEL &amp; HERBERT

Fifty-seven years ago President Lincoln gave George S. Evans (left) his first Federal appointment. Mr. Evans is still "on the job"—as chief disbursing clerk of the Interior Department. He holds the capital's service record.



## KEYSTONE

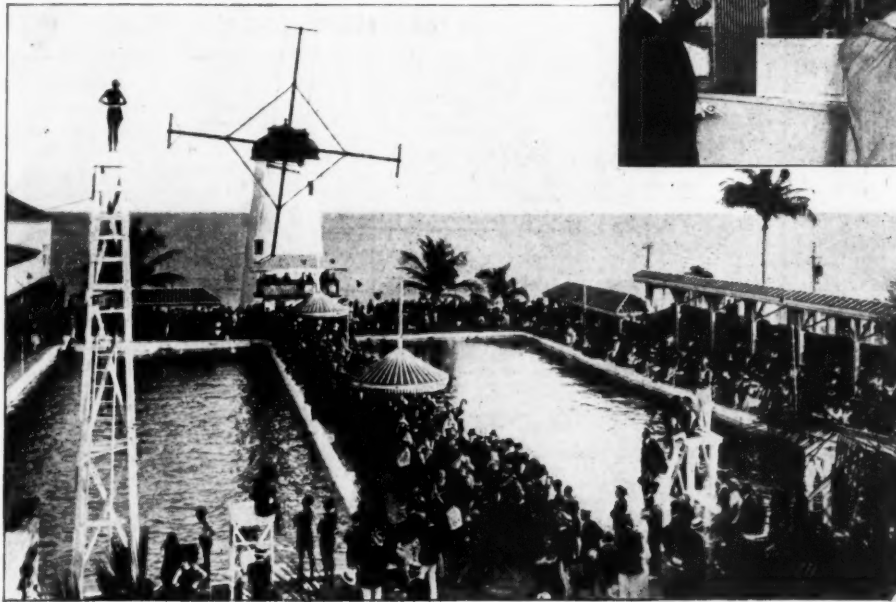
To Mrs. Keith Spalding, of Chicago and Pasadena, goes the honor of landing the largest tuna caught off Santa Catalina Island, Cal., in 1921. It weighed 165½ pounds, and fought its captor for two hours and forty-one minutes.



## © UNDERWOOD

In Havana they are having some "large evenings" these days. This snapshot, taken in the patio of the Hotel Seville, gives an idea of the extent of one of them.

# THE NEWS IN PHOTOS



UNDERWOOD

*This is the way a Washington bank plans to rout bandits. It's easy! The hold-up men enter; the teller presses a lever with his foot; a steel curtain descends, and a chemical spray shoots into the faces of the intruders. The victims are then ready for handcuffs.*

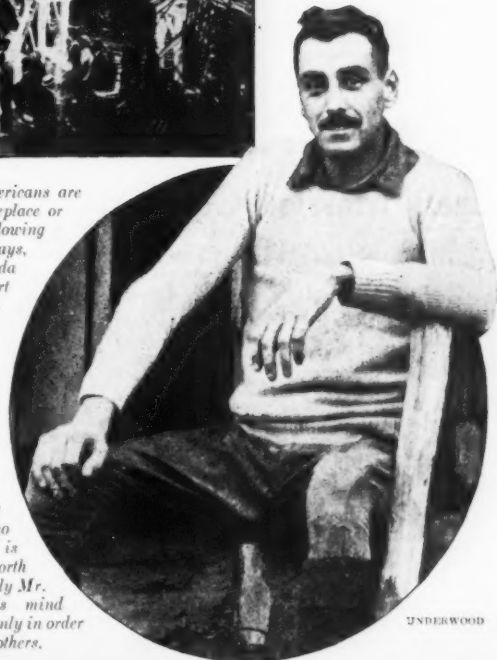


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*Mr. Daniel Talbot, who farms in Florida, is generally too far from his home to hear the dinner bell. The other day he rigged up a small wireless telephone, to carry along, and he no longer is late for his midday meal.*

UNDERWOOD

*While most good Americans are keeping close to a fireplace or radiator, or else plowing through the snow these days, down in sunny Florida they are doing this sort of thing. This particular picture shows the Casino St. John, at Miami Beach.*



UNDERWOOD

*Not one man in a million would deliberately refuse to accept a million dollar legacy. Here's one who actually did. He is Charles Garland, of North Carver, Mass. Recently Mr. Garland changed his mind about the fortune; but only in order to be able to help others.*



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*If they wish to, the blind workers in the Liverpool (England) workshops for the blind can play football. Here are some of those who do. They use a special ball, which, when kicked, makes a loud noise.*

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# What Do You Think of Prohibition?

## BANISH BOOZERS, HE SAYS

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I have been reading with interest the letters in LESLIE'S in regards to national prohibition. And let me say "Amen" to all that G. T. C. from Indianapolis has to say.

I have had about twenty years' handling all kinds of tradesmen—structural ironworkers, foundrymen, machinists, etc.—and I know something about the habits and customs of these different workmen. Also, I live about three miles from the Canadian border and have seen some of the results of bootleggers.

In the first place, there is no argument against Prohibition. It is true there have been cases where it looked as though it has not been enforced as it should, but in most cases if the parties have been watched long enough they have given up the job.

There are a lot of cases where bootleggers have stopped of their own free will, ashamed of the job, ashamed to look honest people in the face.

There is not one-quarter of the drinking there was before Prohibition went into effect. Hundreds of bank accounts have been started by persons who never knew what a bank account was before. Thousands of Christmas presents were bought by old-time boozers this year, who never thought of their children before or of their children's rights.

I know of no new drinkers since Prohibition went into effect. The old boozers will certainly get it some way, and will take chances by drinking almost anything, even if it should kill them the next minute. Let them go to it. In most cases they were of no particular use to their family, so let them have it.

By no means allow beer and wine. They are only a stepping-stone to something further. If some continue to break the Constitution by bootlegging, etc., take from them their elective franchise, banish them from the country if necessary, but let us have all the Prohibition that is possible to have.

When old boozers talk about personal liberty, do they stop to think of the liberties they are depriving their wives and children? The families are deprived of clothing, food they might have, and should have, education, social standing in the community, etc., because the father has to help dress the saloon keeper's family. Which is better: to deprive the one of his personal liberty, as he calls it, or deprive the other members of the family (perhaps five or six) of their rights?

Let's have Prohibition; and more Prohibition.

Massena, N. Y.

H. C. M.

## FINDS DRINKING DECREASING

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

First, I am most earnestly in favor of Prohibition. Having spent twenty years in advocating the principles of local option, State Prohibition and National Prohibition, personally or through the columns of a newspaper, I see no reason at this time for changing my views upon this question.

Prohibition is not being entirely enforced in this community for the chief reason that this is one of the old liquor strongholds, having held its saloons long after these places were outlawed in adjoining counties and States, but the sentiment for enforcement is on the increase and officials are beginning to see the trend of public opinion. Among my personal acquaintances drinking has very largely decreased and the scent of liquor on a person's breath is now the exception instead of the rule, as in saloon days.

I favor stricter enforcement of the present laws and even more stringent regulations, if the same should be found necessary. While there are some bootleggers in this section, they are keeping fairly close, and I do not believe that they are making any great sums of money off their nefarious trade. Officers are watching them too closely.

I do not know of a single person who has become addicted to the use of liquor since the coming of Prohibition unless he had more than a fair start in the old saloon days. I am sure that no more boys and girls are users of liquor than when the saloons were in operation, and I have seen more drunken boys on the streets here in one day under saloon rule than I have in a month since the closing of those places.

The practice of carrying liquor "on the hip" is no greater now than it was in saloon days. I have seen but few instances of such, nothing to compare with the number of such when the saloons were open and law-defying.

In my judgment the sale of light wines and beer would add nothing to the health or happiness of the people of the United States, and such liquor would never satisfy the desires of a man who has in him the taste for "red liquor."

In conclusion, based upon my observation and judgment, I believe that material prosperity has increased here 100 per cent. since the saloons were closed. I know of hungry, half-dressed children, loafing about the streets because of clothes unsuitable for school, who are respectable in appearance and engaged in educating themselves every school day; of fathers who spent all their wages in saloons, who now have bank accounts; of street corners which decent women could not pass for fear of hearing vulgar or profane language which now contain stores which women enter with impunity; of painted and bedizened women who sought openly on the streets for their prey and are now no longer to be seen in the city; of men who were selling their souls for a drink of liquor who are now respected members of some church.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LESLIE'S publishes herewith another installment of letters received from various parts of the United States in response to its National Prohibition Questionnaire. As many more as space will permit will be published in succeeding issues.

Further tabulation of the views expressed in the communications received up to the time of going to press shows that the ratio of expressions of opinion on the following three questions in the Questionnaire is as follows:

"Are you in sympathy with national prohibition?"

No. . . . . 63.750%

Yes. . . . . 35.359%

DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE. . . . . 891%

"So far as you can observe, is prohibition being successfully enforced in your community?"

No. . . . . 81.026%

Yes. . . . . 14.611%

DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE. . . . . 4.363%

"In your neighborhood, among your personal acquaintances has drinking increased or decreased?"

INCREASED. . . . . 50.088%

DECREASED. . . . . 32.021%

DOUBTFUL OR INCONCLUSIVE. . . . . 17.891%

Further tabulations will appear later in LESLIE'S.

## A RUN ON FLASKS

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am not in favor of national prohibition. Were national prohibition all that the Anti-Saloon League and its advocates promised it would be no one would wish for anything further. In our wet and dry elections here in Ohio the Anti-Saloon League started out to eliminate the open saloon. Through misrepresentation and false promises they gained dry votes rapidly in the rural districts, although none of the large cities in Ohio, with the exception of Columbus, ever voted dry. They promised less crime, empty jails, decrease in taxation, smaller police force, etc. What is the result? The opposite. We have more and worse crimes, larger taxation, fuller jails, more policemen, and to my own knowledge, there is more drinking in secret and drunkenness than before prohibition became a law. I know personally families now who are making all sorts of home brew, who never had a case of liquor in their home before prohibition, and I know homes where liquor was never served in wet days where parties are the thing at present and everyone brings his own.

To say a law is the will of the majority and then have the Government forced to contribute millions of dollars yearly to enforce this law, is to my mind little but a joke. This same Government, understand, is too impoverished to pay our World War heroes a bonus. As to bootleggers. There are hundreds in Toledo, according to our daily papers, and they are reaping a rich harvest.

I believe that drinking was never so prevalent among our young people as at the present time. In this city at nearly all of our society dances the hip flask is much in evidence, and recently a police officer was suspended for becoming intoxicated while on duty at one of these dances and from the account in the paper it would appear that the 18th Amendment was being pretty openly violated. Before Christmas many of our leading stores advertised pocket flasks for sale, and a leading jeweler in a near-by city, whom the writer knows personally, said their biggest Christmas trade was on flasks and cigarette-holders.

I believe that prohibition has caused moderate beer drinkers to become whisky drinkers, and I fully believe that should this Government allow the manufacture and sale of good beer, the majority of people would be satisfied, crime would decrease, and things would get back to normal, there would be no necessity to spend millions of wasted money trying to enforce an impossible law, the wet and dry question would go out of politics and give our lawmakers time to take up more important affairs.

Toledo, Ohio.

E. L. J.

(Concluded on page 206)



This week is

## JUDGE'S NATIONAL SMILE WEEK

February 5th to 12th, 1922

**J**UDGE thanks the various business organizations, the women's clubs, the chambers of commerce, the public officials, the newspapers and others who have contributed their splendid support toward making JUDGE'S NATIONAL SMILE WEEK such a great success. And JUDGE especially thanks the committee of distinguished men and women who co-operated so heartily in this cheerful morale-building movement.

### NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS IN THE \$1000 FOR SMILING FACES CONTEST

The five faces on this page proclaim "Happiness in Every Box"—a candy that has helped make the smile famous—or vice versa. Each of these faces counts a point in the contest. Be sure to mail your clippings before midnight of February 13th and write the number of clippings on the outside of each bundle. The names of the winners in the contest will be published in an issue of JUDGE to be announced later.

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## What Do You Think of Prohibition?

(Concluded from page 204)

### CALLS IT A SHAM

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Prohibition does not prohibit and consequently it is a sham and a failure. This does not mean that I do not favor the strict enforcement of the prohibition law. No one but a fool would advocate disrespect for any law on the statute books. What I desire to make clear, however, is this: the present prohibition or Volstead law was passed by coercion, if not deception, and public sentiment is unalterably and unqualifiedly against it.

In my judgment there is a remedy—and the only one—to correct the evils of prohibition, or rather the Volstead law, and that is the repeal of this law at the earliest opportunity, and permitting the manufacture of good pure whisky, regulated by the Government and dispensed without the obnoxious saloon.

Under prohibition "bootleggers" and "moonshiners" are thriving—some getting rich—but they would have to quit their trade if it were possible for anyone to procure good pure whisky, even in limited quantities, and at about one-third the price they pay the "bootlegger" for "rotgut" and poison.

The above is my candid and unbiased opinion as regards prohibition, and I should be the last person on earth to demand the repeal of this law, did I not believe that it is proving to be far more of a curse than a blessing. And please remember that mine is not the view of "a hard drinker" nor a reconstructed "dry," but of one possessed of gumption and common sense and who does not drink, smoke, chew, gamble or play pool or cards.

I trust this will satisfy the prohibition fanatics, as they most invariably make the claim that no one is opposed to prohibition save those who either indulge themselves or favor the return of the saloon. It is strange, though a fact, that anything which is forbidden is the thing most desired. Hence the failure of prohibition.

Winchester, Va.

A. J.

### OPPOSES ANY MODIFICATION

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

What do I think of Prohibition? I think that it is one of the greatest blessings that ever came to the people of the U. S. A. and I am strictly in sympathy with the Prohibition movement.

So far as I can observe, Prohibition is being as strictly enforced here as is possible, and much more so than in many communities from what I can observe. Among my personal acquaintances drinking is much less since Prohibition came into force than before, and I would favor a strict enforcement of the laws regarding it.

We hear much about bootleggers everywhere and the law has grabbed a few in this vicinity, but I doubt if they are making enough money to pay for the chances they take.

Personally I don't know of a single person who did not drink before the country went dry that has taken to drink since, and I have no personal knowledge of young men and girls who drink in public places. I am told that such is the case but I believe that much of it is propaganda to try to break down support of the Prohibition movement.

I hear of booze being carried by some and no doubt such is the case but they are mighty careful about doing so and it is my opinion that there is much less of that than the booze mongers would have us believe. As for light wines and beer, I believe that it would be a sad error. The liquor advocates are the ones who are preaching light wines and beer. If they get that it will be the opening wedge to the way to get modifications to admit the manufacture and sale of the stronger drinks.

Belle Fourche, S. D.

H. E. Rich.

### CHARGES CLASS LEGISLATION

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

National prohibition is thoroughly un-American, symptomatic and un-democratic legislation. It is strongly opposed to the principle of personal liberty and is in effect class legislation. The rich have their cellars full, but the workingman, accustomed to his glass of beer with his noon-day lunch, has to go without.

I certainly am strongly opposed to prohibition. Past experience has demonstrated that you cannot make people good by legislation. To-day prohibition is not being successfully enforced. It can never be. In order to do so, a policeman would have to be permanently stationed at each and every household in the community.

I can truthfully state that according to my personal observation drinking has largely increased since prohibition has been the law of the land. People who never thought of taking a drink of any kind of liquor are now comparing recipes for home-made beer, wine, and other beverages with as high an alcoholic content as 50 per cent.

It is a well-known fact that bootleggers have made fortunes in the illicit sale of liquor in practically every large community in the country. From personal observation I know it to be a fact that young boys and girls consider it smart to partake of whisky at public restaurants, private dances and other social gatherings. Young women as well as men sport smart flasks and other receptacles which contain a small quantity of hard liquor.

I am firmly of the opinion that a modification of the Volstead Law, to permit the manufacture and sale of beer and light wines direct to the homes would be the solution of the present problem. People who now make "moonshine," "home-brew" and other deleterious concoctions in their homes, thereby ruining their health, would stop such practices and drink in moderation of good, wholesome 3 or 4 per cent. beer.

Milwaukee, Wis.

G. D. W.

### THEN AND NOW

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Prior to the enactment of prohibition Texas had the best liquor laws of any State. It was a crime in this State to sell to minors, women or drunkards. Saloons closed early and opened late. The proprietor of a drink shop was not even allowed in his place of business on Sunday.

We have in addition to the national liquor law the Dean law, applicable only to Texas. Since prohibition we have the illicit sale of illicit liquor on every hand. The bootlegger and the maker of home brew on every hand. The vilest of strong drink is sold to all, minors, women, children, and drunkards alike. Men who never dreamed of violating the law are now confirmed criminals as to the liquor business. Prohibition has made thieves and liars of honest men. Women to a great extent drink as well as men.

Prohibition, as we have it, has spread poison among our people without suitable restriction. Men of prominence, who have never before been known to drink, have no hesitancy in buying "booze" from bootleggers or rum runners. Our courts are clogged with liquor cases, murder and robbery are on the increase rather than on the decline. Our officers are unable to cope with the situation for the reason they do not get the support of the people.

A modification of the law as to making light wine and beer may under the proper restriction solve the question. There can never be absolute prohibition unless there is a bodyguard to every ten people.

Lott, Tex.

P.

### A TRAVELER'S VIEWS

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

It happens that I travel extensively in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana. On trains and at hotels the amount of discussion given the Volstead Act by far exceeds that given to all other topics combined. Many of these intelligent traveling men disclaim being drinking men. All of them come into contact with many minds and the general consensus of opinion is that the law is a mistake and takes away one's freedom. The general argument runs: "If some men abuse liquor, why punish all." But in all the animated discussions I have heard, and backed by a wealth of illustration from observation, I have never heard one man argue for the return of the saloon, and I have asked the question repeatedly.

My private opinion is that prohibition is a failure from A to Z, and some sound remedy should be found by our lawmakers in Washington whereby the liquor traffic could be regulated so that our Government could get some revenue out of it. It is a crime to see how things are going.

In the entire Northwest liquor is made and sold in every community. Men are drinking now that I never knew to take a drink before, young men and girls drink in private and public places and bring booze with them to parties and dance halls. Housewives are making high spirit liquors in their homes and in a good many cases drink it daily.

I don't know of a city or town in the entire Northwest where liquor is not sold in several places. Raids by prohibition agents are made frequently, but they have no meaning, and new "manufacturers" and sellers spring up like a storm a few hours after the raids have been made.

Let us get the liquor back in some way which will not let the traffic ignore all laws and breed disrespect for our good old Uncle Sam.

Kellier, Minn.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### FROM A MINNESOTAN

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Personally I am for National Prohibition. But to be successful it must be enforced, and few can claim that it is at this time being well enforced in many communities. It is comparatively easy to obtain bonded liquors anywhere, not to mention the dangerous "moonshine."

I do not believe that drinking has increased, rather decreased. There has been an undoubted increase among young men and women. But that may easily be due to other things in our modern life and not to the thing being prohibited, though that no doubt incites "smart" youngsters to attempt to evade the law and to boast about it.

Real people, in my opinion, are drinking much less. Of course the amount of illicit traffic is immense in the aggregate and, owing to inflated prices, huge sums of money are being made. A good-for-nothing class of people find that the surest way to earn a living with a minimum of effort.

To permit light wines and beer would not mitigate the evils complained of, in my opinion. "Neur" beer does not satisfy, so what real reason have we to suppose a "neurer" beer would.

One thing is certain: the men who formerly spent their week's pay in saloons, now spend it on their families. The economic aspect of the prohibitory law is mostly on the right side of the ledger. The home life is suffering far less from drinking than formerly.

As to whether the law in undermining our institutions by causing a disrespect for law, those who are violating the liquor law now were not very strong supporters of good order before, or they fell from grace on a very poor pretext. American character and American institutions are too sound to be undermined so easily.

The road is the right one; the trail is straight; the only morally and economically sound procedure is to give to those charged with the enforcement of the law, the old sea order, "Full steam ahead."

Minneapolis, Minn.

JOHN ELLSWORTH.

# Buck Up, Business!

(Continued from page 188)

then put this query: "What will happen to your Christmas trade next year if your customers remember the cut in half this year. Won't they refuse to buy and wait for another cut?"

To this all four made response in practically the same terms and tone of comfortable assurance: "They won't remember."

Perhaps they won't. But if I were a merchant I shouldn't care to base too large a stock of holiday profiteering material on that theory. Shopping around is going to increase, and it is going to help people remember just such confidence-destroying and ill-advised advertising as this fur campaign.

Unquestionably, the values are there at the reduced prices.

When Alvin E. Dodd, Manager of the Department of Domestic Distribution of the United States Chamber of Commerce made the Hoover message of "Shop Around," one feature of a speaking tour among merchants' organizations, he at first encountered both surprise and opposition.

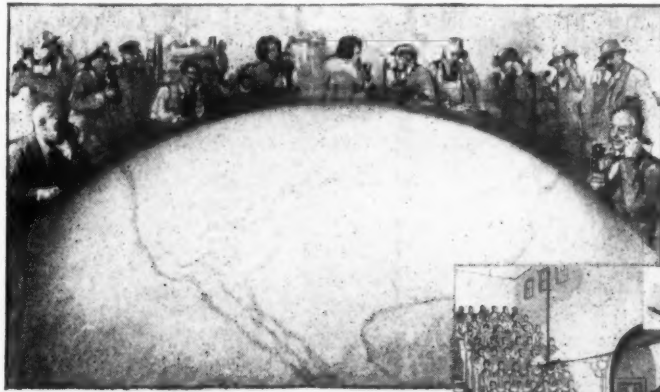
"It's easy to see how that plan will benefit the customer," said the merchants; "but where do we come in?"

"You come in for your benefit," Mr. Dodd told them, "just as soon as you have persuaded the public that you are giving them a fair show. People are suspicious of prices. They still feel insecure against profiteering; they don't know but that the price you set to-day may be cut in two to-morrow either by you or your competitors. For you to tell them by advertisement or word of mouth, 'Our prices are right; you can't do better,' might have been good enough once. It isn't any more. But if you advise them: 'Get out and look about you; compare our goods and prices with those in other stores and when you've satisfied your mind come back,' you're giving them something to go on. You must be ready, too, to back up your price-marks with proof of a fair relation to wholesale prices. If you do this, you have nothing to fear; and if enough of you do it you will soon have the crowds back in the stores again, spending as they used to spend."

A few tried the scheme out and more followed until now it is being practiced as a policy by at least one great department store in Boston, another in Detroit, and many shops in the lesser cities, chiefly in the Middle West. And it is working well. Nevertheless, the average storekeeper clings to his semi-superstitious fear of competition; the old idea of "get their money before they can leave the place and look somewhere else." To these the straight-spoken United States Chamber of Commerce representative says flatly: "If you can't face competition, you ought not to be in business."

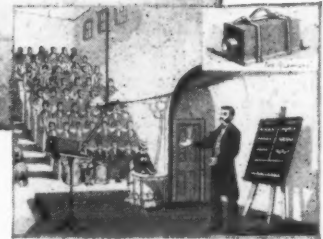
As an example of this fear carried to the point of absurdity, there stands the case of a Montana city where for years the merchants, through their Chamber of Commerce, have attempted to stamp out "foreign" competition by a trick upon which they greatly prided themselves—for a while. Every season they would buy up the entire seating capacity of the

(Concluded on page 213)



Forty-three years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufacturers, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."

At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.



# Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to meet the multiplied

public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.



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**Lincoln's Silent Son**—(Continued from page 185)

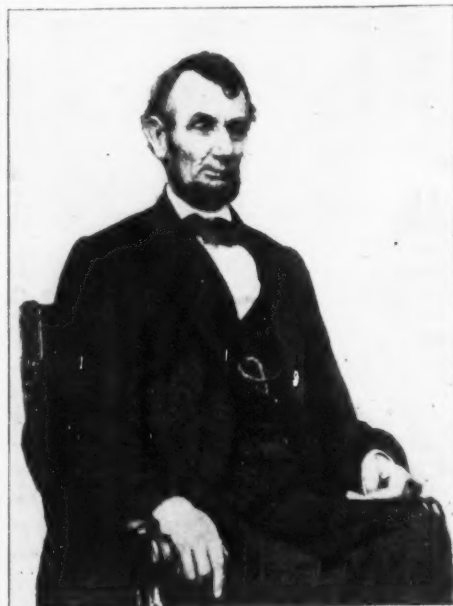
ized in impossible assignments. He volunteered one night to beard the lion in his den. He went late to the Lincoln home, from which no light issued, and gave a clamorous ring to the doorbell. A bed-capped head issued from an upper window and an angry voice demanded in no uncertain terms to know who was below and for what reason.

"I am here on a matter of such impor-

enjoy Raymond's remark as fully as Raymond did.

Some say that it was Henry Watterson's lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" which caused Robert Lincoln to carry his resolve to avoid any seeming to take advantage of his father's fame to the point of an almost inexplicable avoidance of all public demonstrations of whatever nature having to do with his renowned father.

He went to hear Watterson at the first delivery of the lecture, about 1880, in Chicago. It is said that he didn't like the emphasis put by Watterson on Lincoln's lowly origin, which he took as something of an undeserved reflection upon the family strains that entered into his father's and his own making. He couldn't contradict the tendency on the part of most speakers and many writers to exaggerate facts about the Lincoln and Hanks families, for his act would have been misconstrued. So, it is said, he decided to avoid being placed in a position of seeming to give approval to anything any fervid orator might say about them. Incidentally, Watterson says in his memoirs that the facts about Abraham Lincoln's lowly origin and early hardships have been exaggerated for purposes of dramatic contrast. While Robert Todd Lincoln has refrained from discussing the subject, an act he per-



*This is the last photograph ever taken of Abraham Lincoln. It was made during the last few weeks of his life. This print was taken from the original Brady negative now in the possession of L. C. Handy, Brady's nephew. Robert Todd Lincoln has pronounced this picture the best ever made of his illustrious father.*

tance that you can't afford not to see me," McHugh called back.

Mr. Lincoln stumbled down stairs in a dressing gown, switched on a hall light, admitted the reporter, and exclaimed in a voice of rage:

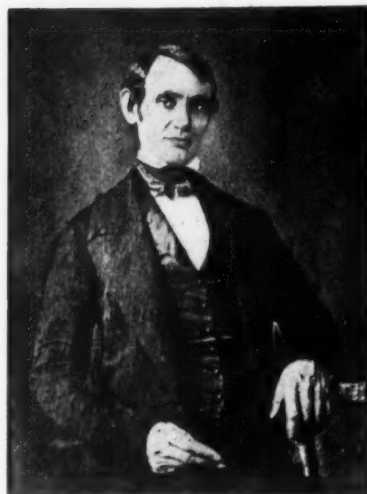
"And what can bring you here to wake up a man at this time of night?"

"Why, sir," the reporter answered with a grin, "I came to pay my gas bill."

The retort was so apt and comical that Lincoln forgot his anger and fell into a chair, roaring with laughter. He gave the reporter a statement which was the story of the day.

There is told a similar story about him and one of the frequently recurring suggestions that he be made a candidate for President. It was at another time when his corporation identity didn't serve his personal popularity in Chicago. A reporter hunted him up to ask him about the movement in his behalf. He was found at the Chicago Club, dining with "Sam" Raymond, county clerk—and a typical big city politician of that day—Raymond was huge of body, voice, manner and means.

"'Bob' Lincoln for President!" Raymond exclaimed with a shout of laughter. "Why he couldn't be elected dog catcher in any ward in Chicago." Lincoln sitting on the other side of the table seemed to



*Abraham Lincoln as a young man. This is probably the first picture ever taken of the Great Emancipator. The original is a daguerreotype, and is believed to be in the possession of his son. Robert Todd Lincoln has said that his father's face seemed homely only when it was overcast by the melancholy look which dominates most of his pictures. This is one of the few pictures in which Abraham Lincoln presents a cheery countenance.*

formed in his early manhood may give some indication of his feelings. One of the first things he did after establishing himself was to search out the grave of his grandfather, Thomas Lincoln, and mark it with a suitable monument.

When Prince Henry of Germany visited the United States about twenty years ago and, while in Chicago, placed a wreath on the famous St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln, Robert T. Lincoln broke his rigid rule to the extent of responding to the prince's tribute. Newspapermen were on the *qui vive* to get what he said. But he spoke in low conversational tone directly to the prince and they heard not a word. He refused to give them written copies of his remarks.

A few years ago he again modified his rule to the extent of protesting against the Barnard statue, which it was intended to set up in London. He made no noisy protest, merely going to the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador at Washington, and stating that he hoped the statue—which he contends does not properly present his father—should not receive the approval of dedication by the British Government. His protest led to the substitution in London of a replica of St. Gaudens' noble conception. Barnard's statue has since been set up in Manchester.

Frequently he has written to some artist, writer or orator, to express his personal appreciation for some tribute to his father. But though some "Lives" of Abraham Lincoln contain statements which he disputes, he has never entered into any controversy as to the facts of his father's life and career. It is said that he does not at all like Lord Charnworth's biography, which has had much to do with shaping the European conception of his father. So far as known he has never seen or expressed himself on Drinkwater's play, which is taken largely from the Charnworth biography.

It has been supposed that the only one of Lincoln's three children to reach maturity—the second, "Willie," died while a child in the White House and the youngest, "Tad," the father's favorite, died on reaching manhood—would probably leave for posthumous publication the valuable memoir which he alone could write. But personal friends of Robert Lincoln say they have no reason to believe that he has prepared or will prepare each a memoir.

But it is known that he has collected much material having to do with his father's life and career.

Many years ago when he was asked to give the Lincoln dwelling at Springfield to the State of Illinois he hesitated because of his fear that it would be taken as a play for political favor. But when the Legislature requested the gift he promptly deeded the old family home to the State, which now preserves it.

The second son, Thomas, but called "Tad," was more like his father. It is said that Robert Todd Lincoln's only son, who also died while a youth, gave promise of looking much like Abraham Lincoln.

Robert Todd Lincoln, though nearly eighty years old and living in quiet retirement, still takes some part in business. He is chairman of the board of directors of the Pullman Company and director of the Continental Commercial Bank and the Commonwealth Edison Company in Chicago. He also is a member of the Washington Monument Commission, the board which controls the Washington Monument at the National Capital.



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### IS THE GOLD WAVE A MENACE?

WERE the dangers apprehended by conservative financiers from the vast and increasing accumulation of gold in this country inevitable, they should already have shown signs of coming to pass. The banks of the United States now hold in their vaults an aggregate of about \$3,500,000,000 of the precious metal, or more than one-third of the world's entire stock. But the golden stream, though it has shrunk somewhat, has not dried up. It will probably continue to flow in this direction for a considerable time. Large additions are likely to be made before the end of this year to the American supply. According to the alarmists, this immense movement of gold, unless soon checked, is bound to breed for us trouble and disaster.

Thus far the piling up of this enormous sum of basic money metal, dispatched to this country in payment for products, has not disturbed the minds of our people. Even business men who should be most directly affected remain serene over this particular peril. Nothing indicates that injury has been done to the value of American currency by strengthening the gold reserve behind it. There has been no wild burst of inflation on account of it. Apparently, the countries which are shipping the gold here have not suffered materially. The big financial institutions of the leading European nations are said to have actually added to their gold holdings in spite of the steady shipments to the United States. These nations are not making especially good use of their gold, and seemingly could get along with less of it than they possess. If we should return to them the gold in our possession, their currency is so inflated that they would not be able to resume specie payments. So it may be said that the gold movement has not as yet developed into a menace to financial soundness and stability anywhere.

Gold not circulating, or not represented in circulation by bank notes, is not earning interest and is idle money. But this state of affairs promises to be only temporary so far as our locked-up surplus of gold is concerned. When the business outlook shall improve and men become eager once more to expand existing enterprises or to start new ones, they will apply for credits on a large scale. Then the banks, owing to this big gold supply, will be more abundantly able to finance legitimate undertakings. Wild-cat schemes will scarcely find encouragement under

the Federal Reserve System. But there may begin within a year or two tremendous activity in both old and new lines that will need and will deserve the making of loans to an unprecedented amount. Our pot of gold will in that event prove a powerful back-stay to the initiative that creates prosperity. In brisk times nobody will object to having an enlarged and adequate volume of currency well sustained by the world's best standard of value.

If this country is to properly develop its vast, and as yet hardly touched, natural resources it will require not only the amount of gold it at present has in store, but also a mighty increment. The day will probably come when relatively our current gold reserve will appear small, for the business of the future will become more and more extensive, and the financing must keep full pace with it, and that financing to be sound must be on a strictly gold basis.

Production of gold, though greater than it was during the war, is still limited, and unless new and rich mines shall be discovered the world's stock will not too rapidly increase. It is well, therefore, as an insurance factor, that the United States should have its due share of the yellow metal. There would be more danger in this nation's having too little than in having too much gold.

### Answers to Inquiries

M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.: Among foreign government bonds that are highly regarded and that are payable in U. S. gold coin are Switzerland 5½%, due August 1, 1929, and quoted lately at a price to yield about 6.03 per cent.; Switzerland 8s, due July 1, 1940, and quoted to yield about 6.6 per cent.; Kingdom of Denmark 20-year 6s, recent quotation to yield about 6½ per cent.; Province of Manitoba 6s, non-callable, due October 10, 1946, and quoted to yield about 5.7 per cent.; State of Rio Grande do Sul (Brazil) 8s, due October, 1946, and sold lately to yield about 8 per cent.

N., RICHMOND, VA.: The New York Edison Company 1st lien and ref. mortgage 6½%, due October, 1941, are attractive and safe. The company operates one of the most important electric and generating systems in the world. These bonds are secured by first mortgage bonds and other securities. They are not redeemable prior to October, 1936. Net earnings last year were four times the interest on outstanding bonded debt. Recent price to yield about 5.95 per cent.

P., NEWBURGH, N. Y.: The General Electric Company's 5 per cent. debentures are due September, 1932. Interest is payable without deduction on account of normal Federal income tax. The company is one of the largest manufacturers of electric appliances in the world and the bonds may confidently be bought. Recent price to yield about 5.23 per cent.

R., NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The American Sugar Refining Company's troubles are not likely to last long. The company is strong and has a long record of prosperity. Its 6 per cent. bonds, due January, 1937, are a sound investment. Price to yield about 6.15 per cent.

S., NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The 6 per cent. convertible gold notes of the Central Argentine Railway, Ltd., due February, 1927, are inviting and probably safe. Principal and interest are payable in United States gold coin. The railway has been called the Pennsylvania Railroad

of South America, and it is allowed such rates as will provide net earnings of 6.8 per cent. on the capital invested. The notes were offered at a price to yield 8.2 per cent.

**D., ST. LOUIS, MO.:** The serial 6 per cent. bonds of the Mississippi County, Ark., Drainage District No. 17 seem to rank well among issues of their class. Mississippi County is one of the richest agricultural sections and Drainage District No. 17 embraces more than one-third of Mississippi County, or 174,000 acres of fertile land. The bonds appear well secured. Price at any maturity to yield 6 1/4 per cent.

**S., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:** Cosden & Co. has a future, is a dividend payer and its stock is a good business man's investment. Kelly-Springfield common has stopped paying dividends and is now a speculation. Standard Oil of Indiana is a strong and reliable organization in the S. O. group and its stock is a reasonably safe purchase.

**I., MOBILE, ALA.:** Pennsylvania Railroad stock and J. G. Brill Co. stock being dividend payers, are probably good to hold, for the time being. The bonds of the Montana Power Co., Dubuque & Anaconda Pacific Railroad Co. and American Tel. & Tel. Co. seem perfectly secure. Among bonds that a woman could safely buy are Union Pacific 1st 4s, Atchison Railroad Gen. 4s, U. S. Rubber 1st and 2nd 5s, New York Central deb. 6s, Louisville & Nashville 7s, and U. S. Steel 5s.

**B., NEW AVERNS, ILL.:** There is not much speculation now left in Liberty bonds. Victory notes have already gone above par. They are soon to be refunded or redeemed. If you wish to buy U. S. bonds, buy the lowest priced ones. They will all eventually reach par, and having got there they are not likely to react. You can get a higher yield by purchasing the issues of private corporations.

**W., LOS ANGELES, CAL.:** The credit of the Kingdom of Norway is high. The 3 1/2 per cent. loan, due 1964, is certainly not less than reasonably safe. Norway 8s are among the best foreign issues in the market.

**P., URBANA, OHIO:** The Seaboard Air Line 4 1/2s are not now making returns to holders. The interest, however, is cumulative and if the improved prospects of the railroad continue it would seem as if payments must be resumed within a reasonable time. The bonds have been quoted lately at about 15, which would make them an inviting long pull speculation.

**A., DAYTON, OHIO:** I think it would be safe for you to invest \$500, half in Miller real estate bonds, and half in Standard Gas & Electric Co. preferred stock, paying 8 per cent.

**M., CHICAGO, ILL.:** It would be a very good business man's investment to put \$500 into White Motors stock. The company has weathered the depression in very good shape, and has fair prospects.

**S., PORTLAND, ORE.:** Northern Pacific stock is good to hold. The company's financial position has lately been strengthened, as is proved by the fact that the stock is quoted a little higher than your purchase price. Allis Chalmers common is selling some points lower than what you paid for it, but you are getting an excellent return on market price and the stock has lately shown signs of advancing. Ray Copper offers you a modest profit and I would be tempted to take it, although when the copper market improves Ray should sell higher. It does not seem advisable to take a heavy loss on St. Paul pfd. Certain brokers are advising its purchase. The company's near-by financial requirements have been arranged for and some day the stock should reach a higher level. Gen. Motors common is a speculation now, but it is a fair one. You might hold on to what you have, but I would not advise purchase of additional shares at present. Shell T. T. is a poor dividend payer, and if you sold now you would lose a lot of money. Better hold a while to see if you cannot get a better figure. I cannot foresee prices, being no prophet, and I don't care to give you a mere guess. The following stocks are good business men's purchases: Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Beth. Steel 8 per cent. pfd., U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. pfd., Allis Chalmers common and pfd., American Woollen common, California Petroleum pfd., Westinghouse E. & M. common, and Studebaker common.

**A., MERIDEN, CONN.:** The Beneficial Loan Society is in good repute and is now paying dividends of 7 per cent. on stock. Its bonds should, therefore, be quite safe.

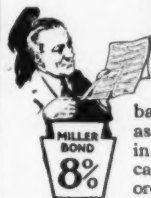
**C., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.:** Loose-Wiles common is not paying dividends and the second pfd. has only lately caught up with arrears. Better than the common would be Allis Chalmers common, paying 8 1/4, and better than the 3d pfd. would be Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. pfd., Allis Chalmers 7 per cent. pfd., or U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. pfd.

**B., FERNAND, IND.:** The Bethlehem Steel Corporation is said to be earning dividends on its common stock at present. What will happen in the future nobody can foresee. Instead of putting more money into Bethlehem Steel B it would be better to get Bethlehem Steel A, which usually sells for less than B and has the voting power, which B has not. Better than either, however, would be Bethlehem 8 per cent. pfd. This is the company's 1st pfd. issue. It comes ahead of the old 7 per cent. pfd. and it is one of the most desirable stocks in the market. For stocks making good returns and likely to maintain their dividends, and that also have speculative possibilities, see list in answer to S., Portland, Ore. Northern Pacific is just now in a strong financial condition, and it seems likely that it will continue its present rate of dividend. Great Northern pfd. dividend is less secure, but with improved business conditions the outlook would be brighter. Reports indicate that American Steel Foundries dividend of \$3 is fairly secure.

**F., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.:** The 7 per cent. pfd. stock of the Northern States Power Co. has been paying dividends since 1900, and has become more desirable since the company lately resumed dividends on common. Detroit Edison stock is also highly regarded and meritorious. It is paying 8 per cent. You might divide your investment money among these two issues.

**K., EVANSVILLE, IND.:** The J. I. Case Plow Works stock is not attractive, as the dividend on preferred has

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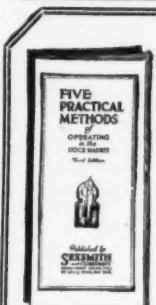
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been passed. Of course nothing is paid on common. The Edmonds Oil & Refining Corporation has been paying dividends, but the stock is more of a speculation than an investment. The Lawrence Petroleum Company reported a deficit for the year ending April 27, 1920. I have no later advices. There are many better stocks on the market than those you inquire about.

**R., AKRON, OHIO:** The economic conditions in Europe are so bad that Austrian, Polish and German currencies and bonds constitute a good deal of a gamble, rather than a desirable speculation. It would be prudent to exchange German marks for German bonds, because the marks have a dark outlook and the bonds a better chance of appreciating. There are financiers, however, who advise leaving all these speculations alone, predicting that those getting into them will lose their money.

**D., DOVER, N. J.:** After your unprofitable experience in cheap oil and mining stocks and your belated discovery that it is not so easy to "get rich quick," you will doubtless want to put your money, hereafter, into more substantial issues. You need to substitute thrift for specu-

lation. As a corrective to your speculative bent, you might buy some of the first mortgage real estate bonds advertised in LESLIE'S. These do not fluctuate in value, they are well secured and they make a fine yield.

**F., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:** France has been in a perturbed state and a bad mood. But she shows signs of toning down. Her economic condition prevented the advance in her securities which other foreign bonds enjoyed. Her financial state, however, is improving. She is cutting down her debt to the Bank of France. In your particular financial position it would be safer to close out the French bonds, if you can do so without serious loss. This is the counsel of precaution and perhaps it will prove in the future to have been needless. Danish, Swiss and Belgian bonds are more desirable, but it is not likely that the increase in value of these bonds will be so great this year as in the past.

**K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.:** Delaware & Hudson stock is among the best railroad issues and is an excellent purchase at present price, the dividend, apparently, being secure.

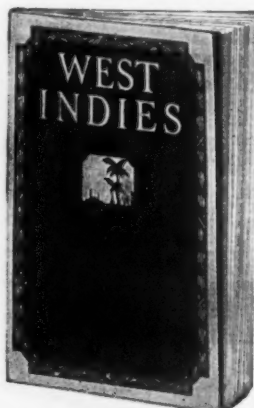
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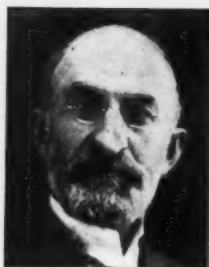


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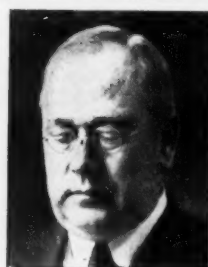
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*Of Chicago, head of the Continental and Commercial National Bank and the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, which have acquired the Fort Dearborn National Bank and Fort Dearborn Trust and Savings Bank.*

**E. SYRACUSE, N. Y.:** The big advance in Gulf States Steel was not based purely on the merits of the stock. It was engineered by a skillful pool and the extreme rise could have been foreseen only by pool members. Many experienced outsiders who received a tip on the stock in good season were too skeptical to plunge on it.

**R. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.:** The prior lien bondholders of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis R.R. Co. formed a protective committee in 1914, and 75 per cent. of the bonds were deposited with this committee. The time for the deposit of the bonds was limited to November 30, 1914. Since that date no deposits have been received except on terms imposed by the committee. It would have been well for you to deposit your bonds with the committee, which apparently you did not. This committee, doubtless, can give you the information you require. Anyhow you should get in touch with it and find out your present status as a bondholder.

**S. BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** My records indicate that the Carlisle Tire Corporation has not so far paid dividends. The surplus is reported as very small. The stock, therefore, is merely a speculation.

NEW YORK, January 28, 1922.

### Free Booklets for Investors

Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, have issued an "Investment Digest" which contains interesting articles on the outlook for securities in general, while it lays special stress on the oil and foreign situations. For those who would understand the present condition of the market and deduce its future course, this Digest should prove exceedingly useful. To obtain it send to Dunham & Co. for copy 157-D.D.

Interest rates are declining and 8 per cent. investment opportunities will soon become rare. Owing to the rapid growth of Miami, Fla., there is a strong demand there for capital, and builders willingly pay 8 per cent. for loans. The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., Miami Bank & Trust Bldg., Miami, Fla., therefore is in a position to distribute first mortgages and first mortgages bonds yielding 8 per cent. The security is of high grade. For full particulars write to the company for its descriptive circular of offerings D-2 and its booklet "Miami Mortgage Investments."

Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, will send copies of their "Investment Survey" to all investors and traders who will ask to have their names put on the firm's mailing list. The Survey is a valuable financial publication. To obtain it write to Scott & Stump for No. 76. Also send for Booklet S-6 on their 20-payment income-building plan.

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, deals in puts and calls and will send to any applicant his booklet L which explains the opportunities offered by the use of this method of dealing in stocks.

Financial circles have been enlivened of late by reports of possible mergers of steel companies. The market possibilities of the steel stocks mentioned in connection with these mergers are clearly brought out in a special review issued by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York. Contrast is made in this review with market developments attending the formation of the great United States Steel Corporation. Every wide-awake investor should obtain this publication. It may be had by writing to Clarkson & Co. for LW-87.

Many buyers have found it to their advantage to avail themselves of the Liberty Plan of partial payments instituted by the Russell Securities Corporation, 35 Broadway, New York City. Under this plan one may have 12 to 24 months in which to pay for first-class securities from one share up. Any active stock or bond listed on any stock exchange and selling at over \$5 can be bought under this plan. Ask the corporation to send you booklet B-88 explaining the whole matter.

Successful business men and investors sing the praises of the *Bache Review*, which has helped them so materially in understanding conditions and in making commitments. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange and covering any amount of stock are dealt in by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 235 Broadway, New York, and their descriptive circular L will be sent to anybody on request.

## Summer Efficiency in Winter Weather

(Concluded from page 201)

to thicken any lubricant and the high speed frequently necessary to "keep the engine going" when it is cold and unable to receive a proper mixture represents just the conditions when adequate lubrication is necessary. For this reason, it frequently happens that a so-called "cold engine" may suffer from burned out bearings due to lack of lubrication more easily than can one which has been thoroughly warmed and to all bearing surfaces of which an adequate supply of properly thinned lubricant is being applied.

A popular experiment of our high-school physics days was the formation of water on a lamp chimney soon after the wick was lighted. The heat suddenly applied to the cold chimney caused the moisture in the air to condense in the form of vapor. This frequently occurs in the modern engine cylinder with the result that we find water vapor or steam issuing from the exhaust pipe. This vapor may

condense in the form of drops of water in the cylinders and eventually collect in the crank case. The greater the extremes of temperature between cylinder walls and the flame of combustion, the greater will be the amount of moisture collected from the air. This water formation may become so serious in cold weather as to dilute the crank case oil, although, of course, it is a well-known fact that water and oil will not mix. The water, however, will settle to the bottom of the crank case and may freeze around the strainer or in some of the pipes and result in a complete stoppage of the supply of oil to the necessary bearings. The obvious remedy is to drain the oil more frequently, to observe the oil pressure gauge and to stop the engine the moment that this ceases to register. The application of sufficient heat to the crank case will of course very quickly thaw the obstructing ice and permit of the proper circulation of the all-important oil.

# Buck Up, Business!

(Concluded from page 207)

principal motion-picture house for certain days, then advertise to the countryside that the price of admittance would be one mail-order catalogue per person, with special prices for the newest and the greatest number of specimens brought in. Having thus, as they fondly believed, eliminated the most dangerous competition from the field, they would collect all the pamphlets and burn them at a public bonfire amidst general rejoicing. As a confession of cowardice this was equalled only by its puerile self-deception. For this is its effect upon the mind of the shrewd inhabitants, as expressed to me by one of them:

"I figger it this way: if they're so darn afraid of the mail-order prices that they have to burn 'em, I calculate that those prices must be pretty good medicine." He paused to wink. "We always hold out one full set of them documents for the general use of the neighborhood."

In consideration of which I would venture to suggest that if that Chamber of Commerce has not already adopted an emblem, the ostrich would be singularly appropriate. However, the Federal Board of Trade has recently been looking into the town's incendiary activities, so they are probably a thing of the past.

Contrast this with the attitude of a merchant in a small Missouri city. Having learned with concern that the habit of mail-order buying was increasing in the locality and even seducing some of his old patrons, he made a little collection of catalogues. Did he burn them? Far otherwise! He centered them in his show window with a carefully worded placard inviting his public to consult them before buying in his store, and offering to meet their prices on an equal basis. In lines where he could not do this, he announced, he would be the first to advise his patrons to buy by mail. Economy first! What little he has lost to this long-distance competition he has more than gained from his local competitors, who at first thought that he was going to ruin them all, but himself first.

The buyers' strike was justifiable. It was inevitable. It was the logical measure of self-protection, even of self-preservation, on the part of the consuming public. But the logic of the situation has passed. The status has changed. Day before yesterday was the merchant's opportunity; if he misused it he has paid the price since. Yesterday was nobody's opportunity, the dismal slump of trade. To-day is the consumer's opportunity, if he has the judgment to improve it. Reluctance to spend money for things which one needs more than he needs the money itself is not thrift. It is stupidity. Give the merchant who stands ready to serve you with genuine values a chance to make good. If he cannot satisfy you that his goods are well worth what he asks, look elsewhere. Do not buy except for values. There are plenty of them in the market.

Get out and look for them. Shop around.

(This is the last of the "Buck Up, Business!" series. Other articles by Mr. Adams will follow in the near future).

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Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself—before you propose to some pure, innocent girl, whether you are fit to be the husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly, defective little ones—a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the inflexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. **THINK** now before it is too late and resolve to

## Fit Yourself for Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

## My Methods Restore Men

My entire life has been dedicated to a study of Nature's Laws. I have applied her wonderfully effective principles to my own person and have gained the world's award as the most perfect specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same marvelous, restorative, uplifting elements that I want to apply in your case and fit you for the Responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. I want to help you—I can help you with

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| ..... Thinness             | ..... Stomach Disorders | ..... Heart Weakness       |
| ..... Rupture              | ..... Constipation      | ..... Poor Circulation     |
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## The Safety Valve—(Continued from page 196)

But she knew exactly where she was going. Over south of Westbury and much nearer the city was the wide border of swamp and salt marsh which rimmed Jamaica Bay. After you reach the edge of solid land there is fully a mile of mud and quicksand before the actual water of the bay is visible except in a multitude of tiny streams, brimful at flood tide and at the ebb so much smaller than rivulets, that they are not even rivulettas, but worthy only of some such extreme diminutive as rivulettinas. These reach back into the marsh in branch and branch from branch, like veins of a maple leaf, and render progress over such country extremely dangerous. "Here at least," Durand had once said to Lucile, "they did not build the ocean very close to the shore."

That had been during a picnic the previous summer. Lucile had picked an extremely perilous and incredibly circuitous road across the marsh to a single bit of higher and solid land, hardly more than an acre, set almost in the middle of it. Here, oddly enough, was a spring of fresh water and a clump of scrub oak. It was a place with which the Indians had been familiar when there were Indians on Long Island. But Lucile and Durand had discovered it anew and organized a beefsteak party one afternoon, this being the prevailing and most up-to-date type of picnic, the only difference between it and the ancient variety being that they took along a huge gridiron and an equally huge steak, garnished it with bacon and sweet potatoes and crisp onions and broiled it over an open wood fire.

Lucile had visited this remote spot once since that event and observed that there were no evidences of any one else having been there. So, the evening before, while eating her lunch at Newark, she had decided that this was the place to leave the automobile.

So, now from Jericho she turned over to the Merrick Road just below Springfield, made another turn on to an almost obliterated trail through a clump of woods that brought her out upon the winding and perilous way through the swamp. At one point she had to stop and restore to place the half rotted planks of a culvert. But she was repaid for this trouble by the reflection that this gave full assurance that no one had been near the place for a long time. She drove the automobile on to the higher ground of the island (if you can apply the term "island" to a body of land entirely sur-

rounded not by water but by swamp) nosed it into a clump of sumac, restored the original license plates, put up the curtains, donned her raincoat and started back on foot. She stopped long enough to sink the stolen license plates in the mud and ooze at the bottom of one of the rivulettinas and then went on to Springfield where she caught a train to Rockville Center. Here she got a cab and astonished the driver by telling him to take her over to Westbury. He was a Long Island cabby who had driven 100,000 miles and never gotten outside his native village.

"It's a long way, isn't it?" he asked, hesitating.

"Oh, about six miles," said Lucile.

"Do you know the way?"

She gave him the needed directions.

"I'll have to charge you \$2," he said.

"I'll give you \$3 if you hurry," she replied.

This was gas and oil to his mild spirit and he made such good time that when they turned into the Gresham driveway, Lucile noted that she had over an hour to dress for dinner.

She said the cabby and ran lightly up the steps. She felt as if she were returning home from some incredible journey into another part of the universe. All the conditions of life were completely reversed. She was Alice back from a trip through an utterly mad looking-glass land. Here all things were arranged, predestined to an established order. Her maid would even select her dinner gown if she didn't care to bother about it. This was society, the ultimate of group submission. In the environment from which she had just come she had to make a definite choice at every turn. There was no one even to offer a suggestion. That was anarchy, the reward of rebellion. "Wish I could tell Ranny about it," she thought. "Perhaps some day I can."

The butler opened the door, just as a well-oiled, perfectly predestined butler should, exactly as she reached the top step.

"Good evening, Craddock," she said, casually.

"Good evening, Miss," he replied, Calvinism in every syllable.

"Father home yet?" She was idly looking over a pile of letters in a tray on a little Gothic stand near the entrance to the reception-room.

"No, Miss, the gentleman who called you last evening called again."

(To be continued)

## Smiling Windows

By TAYLOR SHAW

*FOR the windows of my house I chose  
The draperies with care;  
Of rose and other cheery tints,  
A little white, with silver glints,  
Elusive, here and there.*

*For, knowing that 'twas dingy, gray,  
My house, to outward view,  
I thought, with colors gay and bright,  
To make the windows smile at night,  
The lamplight shining through.*

*I thought to make my windows seem  
To smile in friendly wise,  
To send adown the dusty road  
Some of the cheer that here abode,  
For weary stranger eyes.*

*And when the sun sank low, its rays,  
Like gold that fairies spin,  
Came streaming through the hangings there,  
To turn my humble home all fair  
And glorious within.*

## The Disabiliteers

**D**OES pain pay? Do you know that capitalizing injuries is a well-organized business in this country? Won't it surprise you to learn that there are numerous persons of both sexes who make a livelihood by getting themselves hurt in various ways and then cashing in through fake damage suits? Can you imagine a stranger occupation than that of deliberately undergoing suffering in order to extort money for consequent disabilities?

Leslie's Weekly for February 18 starts a series of highly interesting articles revealing the inside facts of this amazing "profession." It is entitled "*The Disabiliteers*" and is written by Theodore Waters, well-known author and investigator, who recently contributed to Leslie's "*The Modern Mendicant*" series, exposing the present-day frauds of beggary.

Leslie's for February 18 is full of other notable features. For instance, there is an appealing love story—"A Quick-Read-justment"—by James Hopper.

Then there is another thrilling installment of Scammon Lockwood's serial, "*The Safety Valve*."

In "*The Wings of Peace*," the up-to-the-minute situation in aviation is absorbingly discussed by Howard Mingos.

There are other corking illustrated features besides—the kind you like to read; plenty of pictures—the kind you like to see; and a beautiful cover in full colors.

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